

THE  
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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RELIGIOUS IDEAS THE BASIS OF EDUCATION.

BY REV. EDWARD THOMSON, D. D.

IN mere *animal* life improvement is traceable to external causes, such as climate, soil, food, shelter, and the contour and relief of the country; but in man it is not so. We must, indeed, grant that so far as his body is concerned, external circumstances have power over him, and that through the body they may reach the mind and heart; but the limits of this influence are narrow. We often find the most perfect animal man very low in the scale of civilization, and, on the other hand, the poorest physical human frame in union with the most exalted moral powers. The region which brings forth the palm-tree and nourishes the lion, produces but pigmy men: while the temperate latitudes present us with the noblest intellects. So far as external circumstances affect human character, they operate through the mind rather than the body. It is the necessity for toil which a churlish climate imposes, that makes the temperate region more prolific of intellect than the tropical; and the same thing would make the frigid more favorable than the temperate, but that there is a limit beyond which humanity can not well be taxed. To raise up man to his highest elevation, he must be operated upon within. What is the surest means of so operating upon the soul as best to develop and train its powers? I answer, religious truth. Any great doctrine may be taken for illustration. We select that all-comprehending truth, the beginning and end of science—there is a God.

Now, I assert that the degree in which this truth is apprehended and felt, *other things being equal*, is the measure of a man's power. 1. It is the measure of his power to think. He who apprehends God truly has great *encouragement* to think. If we believed that we were *from* the dust and *to* the dust, our thoughts would be of the earth, earthy; a depressing weight would hang upon all our faculties; there would be no upspringing to the light, no leaping or looking forward beyond the grave; but in despair we should look down upon the worm as our brother, and the sepulchre as our final home. How

different when one feels that he is the offspring of infinite mind—the child of God—destined to immortality and eternal progress! How all the faculties, under the impulse of such a faith, open as flowers to the summer's sun! How every feeling points upward to things unseen! In deepest perplexity the soul may wait patiently, hopefully—wait for the unfolding of its own powers; for the germination of hidden spiritual seed; for the outflowing of concealed spices; for the rising of stars in the darkness; for the dawning of an eternal morning. However baffled in its researches, it may continue them with this assurance, "What thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter." If there be one Lord, one law over all things, then may we repose *confidence* in our science: if God be immutable, then may we rest assured that our acquisitions of truth will never lose their value. As God is infinitely wise, we may look steadfastly and confidently for order and harmony even in confusion and discord; and while we are kept sensible of our deficiency, we may also be kept athirst for advancement. We learn to regard the whole universe with interest, as the domain of our Father; the shadow of his attributes, and the scaffolding erected to furnish us at once with the means and the motives to ascend the heavens. We find in God a starting-point in pursuit of truth; a firm foundation for our reasonings; a link to all that is permanent; a skylight without which the temple of truth, would be a tomb.

Purity of heart promotes strength of mind. A man may have his mind improved without enjoying a correspondent improvement in the heart; but he can not have his heart improved without having his understanding enriched. As the heart becomes clarified, prejudice, selfishness, and passion decline, and the desire for truth grows strong. Now, what motive to purity so great as a just conception of God? Take a man from his family and place him among strangers, and you greatly diminish his moral restraint. Remove him to the frontier of civilization, and unless he have unusual moral principle he will become reckless; place him among savages, and he will grow into a savage; shut him up with brutes, and he will become brutish. But

move him in the other direction, from the less to the more pure society, from the less to the greater scrutiny, till he reaches the holiest society and the most intimate fellowships of earth, and he becomes greatly improved. Could he be placed in the center of an amphitheater, and all the good of earth and all the saints and angels of heaven be ranged around him, while every eye was directed to his transparent breast, how pure would be his emotions and his aims? But what were the gaze of the universe to the eye of God? Lafayette, it is said, when immured in his castle prison, never looked through the key-hole of his dungeon without meeting the eye of a sentinel directed upon him. So may faith, in the darkest corner of the earth, look into the eye of God.

There is another consideration: mind grows by its own expression; but new truth is generally unpopular; it must be expressed first in darkness, often in persecution, sometimes in death. Now, the greatest motive to a faithful expression of truth is a just conception of its great Author. The ancients had their esoteric and exoteric doctrines. The very terms show that they often held truth a prisoner; and why? Not so much from want of honesty as want of faith in God.

2. Our idea of God is the measure of our power to act. Under the influence of mere passion a man may put forth great power; but, like brute power, it is neither long sustained nor well directed; for human passion is evanescent; and as it is not guided by reason, its operations are imperfect, bungling, and liable to be arrested by obstacles, the voice of persuasion, or the checks of conscience. I grant that men who rid themselves of all fear of the future may become desperate, and, circumstances favoring, may be terrible to the earth; but their desperation is that of madness, and the fear which it inspires is as fitful. Hercules and Theseus, the great heroes of antiquity, are fabled to have moved under the direction of the gods. Alexander, Cæsar, Genghis Khan, Mohammed, Bonaparte, were all under the delusion that they were pressed forward by the hand of the Almighty. Tamerlane was arrested in his march till he called the prophet to his aid. Atilla conceived himself to be the scourge of God, and the Huns who followed him thought his sword the gift of the Deity and the symbol of triumph. With Wellington and Nelson the idea of God gave overpowering force to their sense of duty. Washington fought through the Revolution on his knees. Human nature, sensible of its weakness, ignorant of the future, and a prey to superstitious fears, can project no magnificent schemes, no outswEEPing conquests, no long marches over bleeding and dying men, till it can find authority and strength in some real or supposed divinity; and the majesty of this divinity is the measure of the courage, the intrepidity, the energy which it puts forth. If this be so, there is no warrior like the Christian. Gustavus Adolphus said, a good Christian always makes a good soldier. So he

does, if only he be sure that his quarrel is right. So said Prince Eugene; and both of them were illustrious examples of the remark. When a man feels that God is with him, he may do as occasion shall serve; he feels that the laws of the universe are devoted to his purposes—that the stars in their courses fight for him, and he defies a misfortune to overtake him. He can fortify himself with a pillar of cloud and fire, cross seas without ships, and rivers without bridges, encounter walls with rams' horns, rout armies with lamps and empty pitchers, and bring down giants with a pebble and a sling. What made Cromwell so mighty, but the impression that he was the leader of God's hosts? What but a sense of the Divine direction, protection, and blessing, bore up the Pilgrims on New England shores when frosts, and diseases, and savages seemed ready to destroy? It is the same feeling that bears up the missionary, whether in polar seas or tropical islands, whether amid the bears of the wilderness or his more terrible enemies, the Pagan priests. He is strong, because he feels that he is linked to Omnipotence. Whether he encounter winds, or storms, or stripes, or imprisonments, or labors, or tumults, or watchings, or fastings, or men, or devils, or principalities, or powers, or life, or death, they are all his auxiliaries, because they all belong to Him whom he serves; and however they may affect him, he feels that he is a victor; for he desires to do nothing *inconsistent* with the Divine will, and he says, I can do all things *consistent* with it. With such a feeling, one can chase a thousand and two put ten thousand to flight. It is not often that the Christian manifests his superiority outwardly, though he may inwardly; for "he that subdueth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city."

The power to *endure* is also measured—other things being equal—by an individual's idea of God. We have, I know, noble examples of fortitude in men whose notion of God was comparatively low. Codrus, King of Athens, when he learned that the Delphic oracle had promised success to the Dorians, encamped beneath the walls of his capital, provided they spared his life, disguised himself as a woodman and went out to court his death. Cocles, the Roman, opposed the whole army of Porsenna at the head of a bridge, while his companions were cutting off the communication with the shore. Regulus bore patiently the keenest torments that Carthaginian cruelty could invent rather than persuade his countrymen to an ignominious peace. Mutius Scaevola put his hand into the flames of the altar before his enemy, and held it there till it fried off. But in all these, and similar instances, the mind is under the strong motives of pride, vanity, patriotism, revenge, stimulated by the sight, and often, too, by the shout of an applauding country and the hope of an undying fame, and unchecked by the influence of countervailing passion or of reason; for usually the acts are performed so suddenly as to give no time for the exer-

cise of judgment. How often does the man who fearlessly leads his platoon to battle, tremble before a mad dog, or turn pale before a corpse, or shrink before a single adversary! How few that would die upon the battle plain would be willing to lay down their lives for their country, if their sacrifices were forever to be unknown, or if they were to endure death upon the scaffold, or in a dungeon, or amid the execrations of men! If you would find one able to endure all forms and degrees of suffering nobly, you must find a soul that reposes upon the one living and true God. Talk not of suffering warriors, when you name the noble army of martyrs who, through faith in God, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens, were tortured, not accepting deliverance that they might obtain a better resurrection. And others had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonments. They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword. They wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented. Here is royal fortitude. So, too, when a man is called to suffer bereavement, his power of endurance depends upon his notion of God. He who has not a just conception of a presiding deity can scarce avoid lamentation, murmuring, appalling grief; but he who embraces the true idea of the Almighty may say, "Thy will be done;" for he knows that will to be best; he knows that all things work together for good; he feels that his happiness is drawn from an infinite source, and that if all created things but himself were to perish he would have enough left.

It is glorious to be baptized with the baptism of blood, and to burn in a martyr's fire; but perhaps even in this land of peaceful vineyards and protected fig-trees a Christian may die even more gloriously, when, for example, he dies in the prime of life with a crown of honor awaiting him, with a wife in all the fullness of love and the freshness of beauty, and his children uneducated, unprotected, prattling, all unconscious of their coming orphanage, beneath his pillow, and dies without a murmur in his heart, saying, in the full exercise of a ripened reason, "Weep not for me; I ascend to my Father and to your Father, through the all-prevailing merits of Christ, my Redeemer." The severest trials which men endure are such as the eye can not see, nor the ear hear. The hardest struggles are in the solitude and the darkness, and the bitterest agonies are such as no friend but the Creator can help us to bear. In their inner conflicts he only is mighty to endure and calm to suffer who believes in the infinite Spirit, and who relies upon such a promise as this, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee. When thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burnt, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." To the Christian, as to

the Kivite, it may be said, strong is thy dwelling-place, and thou puttest thy rest in a rock. Macaulay, speaking of the Puritans, says: "The intensity of their feelings on one subject made them tranquil on every other. One overpowering sentiment had subjected to itself pity and hatred, ambition and fear. Death had lost its terrors, and pleasure its charms. They had their smiles and their tears, their raptures and their sorrows, but not for the things of this world. Enthusiasm had made them Stoics; had cleared their minds from every vulgar passion and prejudice, and raised them above the influence of danger and of corruption—insensible to fatigue, to pleasure, and to pain—not to be pierced by any weapon, not to be withstood by any barrier."

And this brings me to remark, thirdly, that a man's power to improve is owing greatly to his idea of God. I know not why it is so. Perhaps when a man's views are bounded by material things his speculative powers are checked; his senses having led him as far as he supposes he can go, and his desires being limited by time, his aspirations after the good and the true are smothered. Seeing no friendly power beyond to guide and strengthen him in the search after unknown and distant truth, he contents himself with present ignorance; and recognizing no power to bring his soul to account, he can bury his talent without interest or concern. I am aware that we sometimes see a mind professedly Atheistic, rising to the heights of the universe; but it is in a country filled with other minds from which it has derived its stimulus and its speculative habits. As with individuals, so with nations. On the pages of history we can trace distinctly civilization passing, *pari passu*, with theology. For example, we see the Jews rising and falling just according to their notions of God—down under Chushan Rishbathaim, up under Othniel; down under Eglon, up under Ehud; down under Jabin, up under Deborah; down under Midian, up under Gideon; down under the Philistines, up under Samuel; down under the backsliding Saul, up under David; down under Rehoboam, rising again under Asa; down under Ahaz, rising again under the good Hezekiah; down again under Amon, aloft once more under Josiah. No depression but what is traceable to Baalam and Ashtaroth, or the gods of Syria, or the gods of Sidon, or the gods of Moab, or the gods of the children of Amon, or the gods of the Philistines; and no exaltation which is not traceable to a returning adoration for the true God. Take a corresponding illustration from modern history. England begins to emerge from darkness under her beloved Alfred. She falls and rises subsequently, according to her theology. The advancing corruption of mother Church caused the early lights, which had been kindled by her Henry, of Huntington, Geoffry, of Monmouth, John, of Salisbury, and William, of Malmesbury, to grow pale till, at length, they were substituted by the subtleties of scholasticism and the dreams of romance. The Ref-

ormation came under Henry the Eighth, and the country ascends under his reign and that of his son, Edward Sixth. It descends again under Mary the Papist, rises aloft once more under the illustrious Elizabeth; descends again under James, rises again under the Commonwealth; descends once more under James II, and rises permanently under the crown of the Prince of Orange.

To show that this connection between a correct knowledge of God and the advancing intelligence of a people is not *accidental*, and that the former is not a *consequence* but a *cause* of the latter, let it be noted, 1. That the type of a nation's civilization seems to depend upon its theology. Man, favored with a revelation from God, goes forth from his primitive seat on the plateau of Iran: one tribe descending in the south-west stretches along the fertile valleys of the Tigris and Euphrates. Under the impulse of the primitive religion it speeds its way to a glorious elevation, whose monuments are yet to be seen; but from the true God it turns to the worship of the heavenly bodies, and its mind becomes a cold, grand, gloomy one. Another tribe advances to the valley of the Nile and soon becomes illustrious; but it worships first symbols, then brutes, and its national mind becomes like its land, when, smitten with the curse of Moses, "God sent darkness upon it and made it dark." Other tribes took possession of the plains of India and China; they soon put God afar off, and there they stand, without having made one step of progress through all the ages that have past. Greece received from Phenicia, Phrygia, and Egypt the germs of a better civilization. She, too, perverted the idea of the Almighty; but she did not put God so far away. Her Olympus was animated, and warmed, and enlightened, though attempted with weakness and deformed with vice. Her mind corresponds to her mythology—free, active, progressive, passionate, erratic. It ascends gradually. The tribes that pass over the Caucasus to the north and west, pervert their conception of the Almighty into that of rude and bloody divinities, and their own intellect becomes rude and their hearts cruel.

2. Observe, again, the noblest conceptions of God, in every nation, come from the best minds, and mark the culminating period of a nation's intellect. The Persian mind reaches its zenith in Cyrus—the warrior, statesman, and philosopher—a pure theist. Hesiod, Homer, Socrates have grand ideas of God; these seem to expand as the mind of Greece rises till it culminates in Plato, who enjoys sublimest visions of the Supreme. The Roman mind attained its highest elevation in Cicero, who had the noblest conception of the true God except that which is communicated by revelation. The Arabian mind reached its summit in him whose poem has been pronounced the sublimest extant, and whose soul is radiant with reflections from the great "I Am." Well might he cry out, "O that my words were now written; O that they were printed in a book; that they were graven with an iron pen in lead; that

they were cut into the eternal rock!" Words are worthy to be driven into the granite with chisel and mallet when they convey such conceptions of God as Job's. The Jewish intellect culminated with David, whose soul flutters round the idea of God as a sparrow around her nest; whose songs are hymns of prayer and praise; who, at midnight, considers the heavens, the moon, and stars which God has ordained, and at dawn sweeps his harp to Him who maketh the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice; who draws from each day and night utterances of divine wisdom; who, in his own heart, traces the mind of Jehovah; and who, every-where and at all times, is *lost* in God. "O Lord, thou hast searched me, and known me. Thou knowest my down-sitting and mine up-rising. Thou understandest my thought afar off. Thou compasses my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways. For there is not a word in my tongue, but lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether. Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me." In whom did the English mind culminate? Locke, Newton, Milton start up before us, all as much distinguished for their reverence for God as for their profound intellects. Each one of them rose upon the world like a supernal being. Out of each one's soul, if soul were divisible, could be cut a world of more modern philosophers. Concerning one of them, a French nobleman is said to have asked an English one seriously, Does Newton eat, and drink, and sleep like mortals? Which is the greatest, it may be difficult to say. My mind fixes upon Milton. Bacon exceeds him in comprehension, Shakspeare in portraying the human heart, and Thomson in depicting nature; but no uninspired mind *equals* him in sublimity. What is the secret of his grandeur? It is his awful conception of the Creator. In his heights, and depths, and lengths the idea of God on all sides round

"As one great furnace flamed."

Intimating his purpose to write his great poem, he says it is a work "not to be raised from the heat of youth or the vapors of wine, like that which flows at waste from the pen of some vulgar amonist, or the trencher fury of a rhyming parasite; nor to be obtained by the invocation of dame Memory and her siren daughters, but by devout prayer to that eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases." Who can forget his opening invocation?

"But thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer,  
Before all temples, the upright heart and pure,  
Instruct me, for thou knowest."

It was the idea of this Spirit, ever brooding over



his great soul, that "made it pregnant." Thus he had power—to use his own language—"to imbreed and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and civility; to allay the perturbations of the mind and set the affections in right tune; to celebrate, in glorious and lofty hymns, the throne and equipage of God's almightiness, and what he works and what he suffers to be wrought with high providence in his Church; to sing victorious agonies of martyrs and saints." Hence it is that his great poem is like a temple, and his majestic lines flow over the soul like an organ chant.

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

### HANNAH MORE.

BY REV. NELSON BOUNDS, D. D.

HANNAH MORE remarks that "religion is an operative principle, from which the affections and faculties receive a new impulse; by which the dark understanding is illuminated, the judgment informed, and the imagination chastened." She says, "It presses all the capacities of the soul into a new service and allegiance; it gives the whole frame and constitution of the mind a nobler bent, to its activity a sublimer aim, to its vacillating desires a fixed object, to its vagrant purposes a settled home."

And what a striking illustration of her remark is furnished in her own eventful history! Her readers can not fail to observe a marked change in her religious character about the middle of her literary life. Though Miss More had always been a moral and virtuous lady, yet, previous to the year 1794, she had drunk into the gay, worldly spirit of those high and fashionable circles to which her intellectual merits had raised her from the humble walks of life. But subsequent to this time she became a living reproof to the spirit, maxims, and manners of the irreligious great. A devout Christian, of the true evangelical school, she might almost be classed with a Lady Maxwell, or a Mrs. Fletcher.

For a considerable period before this date she had been distinguished as an authoress. But her motives were evidently secular; the love of applause, wealth, honor, fame. The moral tendency of her writings was now not always a matter of prime importance. If they were popular; if they added to her literary reputation; if her "Sir Eldred of the Bower" and her "Bleeding Rock" received the praises of the critics; if her "Percy," and other plays, obtained favor with Garrick and Madame Montague, and drew full houses to the theater, it was enough. But when, by experimental religion, her mind had received that "nobler bent," that "sublimer aim," of which she speaks, her whole course is changed. Her works are not now designed to gratify a gay club of connoisseurs at the Adelphi, or a careless throng at Drury Lane. She writes no more for the stage. She disapproves of much she

has written for that department. Hers is now a consecrated pen. She now acts under motives of duty, accountability, benevolence. And now see how, in her own language, these high "impulses press all the capacities of the soul into a new service and allegiance." "There was now no rest for her but in the consciousness of being useful."

Observing, with distress, the corrupt influence of the publications of Paine and his infidel school, in the form of novels, stories, and ballads, she determines to fight them with their own weapons, and accomplished the Herculean task of producing, with little assistance, three tracts per month for three years in succession.\* To the same "impulses" the world is indebted for those weightier works which subsequently came from her pen, with but short intervals: "Strictures on Female Education," "Hints for a Princess," "Practical Piety," "Cœlebs," "Christian Morals," "St. Paul," and "Moral Sketches;" the last of which she published at the advanced age of seventy-five.

We see the effect of this "new impulse" also in her increased celebrity as an author. It was no unusual thing that the first edition of one of her works, generally amounting to four thousand volumes, should be all bought up before it was issued from the press. "Her Cœlebs, a work presenting Christian principles and duties in the dress of narrative, in the colors of character, and with the breathing and vivacity of dialogue and discussion, excited such immediate and unusual attention, that she received orders, in a few days, from her bookseller, to prepare for a second edition. But before this edition could be put to press, and in less than a fortnight from the first appearance of the work, it was out of print, and the booksellers all over the country were clamorous for copies." In a few months after its first appearance the eleventh edition came out, which was presently followed by the twelfth. And in our own country thirty editions were published during the life of the authoress. Her cheap "Repository Tracts" were circulated at the unheard-of rate of two millions in a year! They were sent to the colonies by ship-loads, and many of her works were honored by translation into foreign languages. Her popularity became indeed unbounded. From the royal family to the humblest peasant that could read, the praises of Miss More were upon every tongue. And when a sensible countrywoman, who led a very solitary life, was asked what she could do to divert herself, she replied, "I have my spinning-wheel and Hannah More; when I have spun off one pound of flax I put on another, and when I have read my book through I begin it again, and I want no other amusement."

Miss More's strong sense, grace, and vivacity of style recommended her to many. But the religious element is, after all, the secret influence that secured

\* As a specimen of the character of these publications, it is sufficient to remark that one of them was the "Shepherd of Salisbury Plain."

such unbounded success, and claimed for her the confidence as well as the applause of mankind. She possesses what she complains of Sir Walter Scott for not possessing, when she says, "There is wanted in all Scott's poetry that without which no poem can cling about the heart and affections: I mean a due admixture of moral, or, rather, religious influence. The former of these it is which makes the charm of Beattie and of Goldsmith; and the union of both in Milton and Cowper captivates while it exalts the soul of every reader who *has* a soul."

As piety increased her diligence and reputation, so, in the same ratio, it enhanced her influence and usefulness. I have never discussed the abstract question of the comparative powers of the female intellect. But to those who would minify the mind of the fairer sex, I would beg leave to present the case of this eminent lady, who, with no extraordinary advantages, rose to the very dome of literary standing in the golden age of English literature; whose pen, more potent than the scepter of her royal master, twice checked that revolutionary tide which, having deluged Jacobin France with its stormy wave, now threatened to bury Britain in the same common ruin; whose moral productions were an equally effectual antidote to the infidel poison of Paine, Hume, and Gibbon; who, for authorship, shone as a star of the first magnitude in a galaxy of such names as Reynolds, John Newton, Leigh Richmond, Horne, and Johnson; and whose unobtrusive hand did more, probably, to calm the elements of political convulsion, and preserve from foundering the bark of a constitutional government than any one of her cotemporaries, Burke, Fox, Erskine, or the great Chatham himself not excepted. Certainly so, if we take into account her posthumous influence; for while Chatham's statue adorns Westminster Abbey, Miss More can point to her works and say,

"Æxegi monumentum,  
Aero perennius;  
Non omnis moriar!"

Pitt's is an immortality of fame; More's an immortality of usefulness.

And what an example is presented in the character of this distinguished lady for the imitation of every individual of her sex! It were an object worthy their highest ambition to merit the encomium passed upon her by Dr. Horne, when he said: "And for yourself, madam, go on, by your writings and conversation, to entertain and improve the choicest spirits of an enlightened age; and show them how glorious it is to reflect on all around us the light that falls on our own mind, from that sun which never goes down, but will burn and shine on forever, when the luminaries of the firmament shall be extinguished, and the created heavens and earth shall be no more." Forever treasured in the hearts of the children of men are the deeds and actions of the good; while hated and loathed—consigned to rottenness even—is the memory of the wicked.

#### VACANT PLACES.

BY MRS. A. L. RUTEN DUFOUR.

THESE are places—vacant places—

Here beside our dear hearth-stone;  
And we miss sweet angel voices,  
Once that answered to our own.

There were smiling, cherub faces,  
Loving hearts, light, glad, and free;  
Which, at morn and evening's altar,  
With us bowed a willing knee.

In our eyes the tear-drops gather,  
As we see their vacant chairs  
By the fireside, table, altar  
Grief our chastened spirit wears.

Little feet that ever hastened  
Joyfully to seek our side,  
Now no more their quick steps greet us;  
No more thrill our hearts with pride.

But we know our Father called them  
To his mansions up on high;  
And we know our missing treasures  
Have been garnered in the sky.

Soon *our* places will be vacant,  
And on earth be known no more;  
May we then, in blest reunion,  
Greet those loved ones gone before!

#### TO THE READER.

BY MRS. M. A. BIGELOW.

DOEST thou love to peruse the glowing page  
Of nature, unfolding pure and bright,  
When unwritten thoughts, from age to age,  
Have shed their mysterious, golden light?  
O turn and consider those deathless charms,  
That shine in the Bible forever fair!  
The Spirit of God, of the living God,  
Hath kindled a brighter luster there.

HAST thou fondly kneeled at Learning's shrine,  
And striven to write thy cherished name,  
When the record would soon have passed away  
On the perishing annals of fame?  
At the feet of Immanuel haste to kneel,  
And seek the honor which comes from above,  
If haply thy name may be written on high,  
In the book of eternal life and love!

Then when the volume of nature shall close,  
And the records of nations decay;  
When earthly mementoes all crumble to dust,  
And knowledge shall vanish away,  
Thy restless spirit, that labored to grasp  
The perishing treasures of earth,  
Will slake its thirst at the crystal fount  
Where immortal joys have birth.

## THE FAITHFUL MOTHER AND HER REWARD.

A SKETCH OF MRS. SARAH F. FRENCH.

BY MRS. JULIA A. FRENCH.

"Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."—PROV. XXXI, 28.

WHEN the words of the wise man can be applied to the character of any individual, it is pleasant to reflect upon the virtues and speak of the worth, that others may be stimulated by their example.

Sarah Patten was born in Antrim, New Hampshire, May, 1788. When quite young her father moved to Norridgewock, Maine, where Sarah resided till her marriage. Soon after their arrival in Maine her father died. Her mother again married a worthy man, who took her children with her to his heart and home, and treated them as kindly as his own. Thus nurtured in an atmosphere of love, Sarah early imbibed those interesting traits of character which shone so conspicuously in her after life. One who knew her well, when a young lady, said, "None knew her but to love." Doubtless she had faults, but what they were few would be able to tell. At the age of seventeen she gave her heart to the Savior; and in few instances has the supporting grace of Him who alone can comfort in life's dark hour been more fully manifest than in the last years of the life of Mrs. French. December, 1809, she was married to Rev. M. French, a local preacher of Solon, Maine. Their union was a happy one: both devotedly pious,

"Their fears, their hopes, their aims were one,  
Their comforts and their cares."

God gave them eleven children. All were offered up to him in baptism in infancy. How well the parents kept the solemn covenant will appear from the fact, that all those children who lived to the years of understanding became pious. Their mother lived to know them all members of the Church militant; their father all save one.

While these parents labored diligently for their own household, they were never forgetful of the Church or the world. Their piety was active, having an influence for miles around. Methodism, in those days, was often evil spoken of; hence, they had many a rough storm to buffet; but they stood manfully at their post. Their house was ever open for class or prayer meeting, and often for preaching. Many an itinerant preacher was welcomed to their hospitable board, and not only supplied with the good things of this world, but followed by their prayers and tears. The poor were never sent empty from their door.

The messenger of death often visited that happy household. First he called to the spirit-world a sweet girl of seven summers; then a smiling infant; next a boy of twelve; yet again he comes and cuts down a son in the strength of manhood; then a

lovely daughter, one year a bride. The Savior, who had received their youthful hearts, forsook them not in their last hours. They passed away peacefully, joyously, whispering to parents, husband, brothers, and sisters of a home in heaven—of a bright, happy land where sorrow never enters. The parents bowed with meek submission under those repeated bereavements and said, "The Lord gave; the Lord hath taken away: blessed be his name!" Years passed away rapidly in the faithful discharge of Christian duties, till sixty-six winters had whitened the locks and furrowed the cheeks of the servant of God, when his Master called him home. Like a shock of corn ripe for the harvest, he was gathered to the heavenly garner, leaving his widow and two youngest children to the care of two sons who remained at the old homestead.

Several years previous to the death of her husband, Mrs. French had been afflicted with spinal disease, which, at times, laid her aside from active duty; but as her partner drew near the end of his pilgrimage, she gained strength sufficient to sit by his bedside, and comfort his last hours by her presence. They were hours of intense suffering; they were also hours of triumph. Those who witnessed his departure can never forget the scene. How many words of heavenly wisdom had fallen from his lips; how many times had he stood before those who were now about his dying bed, and preached unto them Jesus—had told them of his power to save, to comfort and support; and now his feet stand in the waters of Jordan! Will his faith fail? Nay, verily! Speech failed; but as his spirit was departing he looked upon his pale wife, who sat by his side, his weeping children, neighbors, and friends who stood around, and lifted his hand high above his head, while his black, sparkling eyes seemed to say, Yonder's my home; I am almost there.

After the death of her husband Mrs. French failed rapidly. Before she had been one year a widow she was laid upon a bed of suffering, which she never left for five years, only when lifted like an infant child. The two last years she was entirely helpless; yet the faculties of her mind remained unimpaired to the last. After being placed in her arm-chair, she would sit for hours with her Bible on her lap perusing its precious contents. Blessed light of heaven, given to cheer our pathway—how many a child of sorrow hast thou strengthened! She who had, for so many years, with willing feet and ready hand, been striving to perform every duty, was now helpless. No more could she, as in days past, administer to the comfort of her family, friends, or strangers; no more could she enter the house of God, the place she loved so well; no more could her sweet voice be heard in the social meeting, telling of peace in believing or earnestly entreating sinners to flee from the wrath to come; no more could she stand by the bed of the suffering and relieve the care-worn watcher, while she whispered to the sufferer of an all-healing Savior. All those privileges, so highly prized by her, must now

be given up. One who could so willingly do the will of God, could also suffer patiently his will; the same peaceful smile rested on her lovely face; the same resignation was manifest in all her words. She would often say, "How condescending is the Savior of sinners to dwell in my poor heart, filling my soul with peace and joy, which seems to increase with my afflictions!"

The faithful mother was to reap the reward of her faithfulness. From early childhood she had taught her children obedience to her command; hence, to their strong love for their pious mother was added that respect which the child can not feel for a weak, inconsistent parent, however well they may love them. How often had that mother prayed that her children might be kindly-affectioned one toward the other! and as she prayed so she lived. No angry words fell on their ears from her lips; no hasty blows were laid upon them by her hand. Christian mother, remember, if you would see your families rising up to call you blessed, you must live before them as you would have them live; you must train them in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. The invalid mother, laid upon a couch of pain, saw manifested by her children that spirit for which she had lived and prayed. The husband and father had gone to dwell with God; yet the family altar was not broken down. Morning and evening those children who remained at home bowed before their Maker, entreating his mercy, especially upon their beloved, suffering mother. She often said, "How many poor sufferers are left to the care of strangers, while loving hearts and ready hands are ever by my side!" Her youngest daughter seldom left her for a day during all her sickness, denying herself all the social privileges usually so agreeable to the young, that she might cheer the lonely hours of her parent by her presence, and perform all those little acts of kindness which no other could perform so well as a loving child.

A lovely little grandson, who had learned to call her name, had gathered for her the flowers of spring, climbed upon her bed and whiled away many an hour by his innocent prattle, was taken by death suddenly from the bosom of the family. To her, she said, it seemed a dark providence, that the little bud of promise should be taken and she left to be waited upon. "Yet," she continued, "I know and feel 'He doeth all things well.'" The parents smothered the deep grief of their own hearts lest they might add to the sorrow of their stricken mother; and thus one seemed vieing with the other to make her happy. Yet even these dear children she was ready to give up if God should call.

One evening, about two years before her death, the family were gathered for their devotions in "mother's room," as it was called. One of the sons took the Bible, and, after some delay, read the first chapter of Jonah. After reading he remarked, "You may think strange of my selection, but, alas! I feel that I am a Jonah. I am convinced of my

duty to go out into the world and preach the everlasting Gospel. For years I have been struggling against these convictions, all in vain. Woe is me if I obey not! Yet how can I go? Can I leave the dear home I love so well for one every-where and yet no where? How can I leave my precious mother, who needs my attention, and you, my brother, with all the care laid upon us jointly by a dying father? What shall I do?" Silent they sat, with tearful eyes and aching hearts, while methinks the angel of the sainted father hovered over the scene waiting to hear the answer. That mother knew well the trials of an itinerant; her first-born son had been twelve years in the field; her house had been a home for many a toil-worn servant of Jesus. She knew also their joys, and, by an eye of faith, she saw the great reward of those who point sinners to the Lamb of God. She was the first to break the painful silence. While the big tears coursed down her cheeks, she answered, "Go, my son, and God go with thee!" All joined with mother, that the path of duty is the only safe one. Then they kneeled in prayer, and as the simple, earnest supplication of that pious youth ascended to lodge on heaven's high altar, there was more joy in his heart than he had ever known before. How many souls will stand purified before the throne of the Eternal, through the decision of that evening, will be known when "Christ makes up his jewels." When a few weeks of preparation had passed, that son bade good-by to the old homestead and the loved ones who dwelt there, and went to the school of the prophets. He now stands on Zion's walls in the same conference with his elder brother. Their mother's prayers and counsels they can no more enjoy; but who can say that her happy spirit does not hover around them when discouragement or trials weigh them down, cheering them on to happiness and duty?

One more dark wave must pass over Mrs. French before she is permitted to enter her rest. Her youngest son, the pet of all the household, who had read and sung to her day after day, striving, in many ways, to render pleasant hours of pain, was laid upon the bed of death. His sickness was severe, but his trust in God firm to the last. Sadly the remaining children saw him laid by those who had gone before, feeling his loss could not be sustained by their feeble mother. But to their joy she bore it more calmly than any other member of the family. A few weeks after his death, conversing with a friend, she remarked, "How much I miss my dear L. I can not tell; but could you have witnessed his triumph over the fear of death, you would say with me, weep not for him, but for the living."

A few months pass away, and the time came for her to be released. Welcome, *thrice welcome*, was the message to the patient, suffering daughter of the Prince of Peace. The last weeks of her life her sufferings were greatly increased. Those who watched beside her would often hear her whispering



out the words, "Rest, by and by, how sweet will it be! rest for the aching body; rest for the weary soul." And then would she pray for patience to wait the coming of her Savior. She bade her children farewell, saying, "You must not weep for me; long have I tarried and prayed for this hour; now it has come; I die leaning on the bosom of my beloved. 'Be thou faithful until death, and thou shalt have a crown of life.'" So she passed away, April, 1852, trusting in the God of her youth. Her remains repose in the quiet graveyard by the side of her companion and children; but her freed spirit has soared to realms of endless day. Dear departed mother in Israel, sweet be thy rest in the arms of Him who died for thee! Thou hast gone from earth; but the legacy thou hast bequeathed unto thy children could not be bought with all the gold of California's mines. Earth's treasures moth and rust can corrupt; but the influence of a godly life will live when the "heavens shall depart like a scroll rolled together," and all the "just made perfect," stand around the throne of God.

*Oldtown, Me., January 5, 1854.*

## GENIUS AND SOCIETY.

BY J. D. BELL.

In nature, all the great resources of power seem to be more or less hidden. You do not see the roots of the great trees, nor the granite bottoms of the "everlasting hills." Niagara seemed to us but a swift-bounding stream, till we saw its ocean of terrific waters falling headlong over the steep brink of the rocks; and then, with awe-stricken spirits, we crept into its mighty presence, mutely wondering that just beneath the surface of these white-leaping rapids there could have rolled such a mass of liquid thunder! And just so you will always find the strong tigers of force crouching in some secret jungle of nature, ready, at any moment, to make a spring.

But this law, by virtue of which the powerful forces of the physical world seem to be kept at ambush, so to speak, extends its influence also into the realms of human thought and action.

It has long been a proverb, that the home of Genius is solitude. Did you ever think of the invisible shoulders that are under the world? The old myth about Atlas is more a *parable* than a fable; for what more is it than a blunt hint at the great fact, that genius is the fundamental force of civilization? "Πόλον Νύκτος Τροσινάει." We do well to go down, sometimes, into the deep solitudes of life, and make this old worker for the ages a visit. Come, let us go down there to-day. Methinks we would be better men ever afterward, inasmuch as we might catch some new glimpses there of the Godhead of our humanity. In that under-world we should wander through the mysterious work-shops, where the sci-

ences and the nations are born, and peradventure we would come back with a higher estimate of laboratories and garrets. There Genius would meet us in his working-gown, and, beckoning us into apartments, whose very silence is terrible, would show us, it may be, fragments of the great future strewn in rude array upon rusty shelves and old tables.

I tell you, my friend, there are stern and tremendous realities in the invisible life of hard-working thought. But who cares for this? We of the surface world move on, from day to day, in our butterfly-chases, indifferent to the great fact that we tread upon the backs of men. How basely art thou treated, O Genius! When Society chances once to get a peep into the retired working-place of a philosopher, she flouts at his dismal subterranean quarters, and, with a sort of superstitious compassion, entreats the poor *old foggy* to strike for higher wages, or come up into the regions of humanity. But, ah! she little dreams how she lives on that man's pulses. If a plague were to get among these subterranean heroes the very wheels of progress would stand still, and the whole world would cry for grease. And she treats her friend, the poet, no better. Perhaps he gives her an epic, in the making of which he may have expended all his strength and half his life. But it is no matter to her—if she takes no particular fancy to his book—how much time and toil it has cost him. It is no matter to her if, in forming those lines which she so remorselessly reviews, he has consumed whole hours of patient, persevering labor,

"When none but the still night,  
And his dumb candle, saw his pinching throes."

None at all; but she stands ready, more likely, to pierce that interesting little volume with the red-hot fangs of criticism, and, if possible, to hustle its well-meaning author into oblivion.

"So runs the poet's doom—if he succeed,  
To a pure fame we marry him forever;  
But if we take no unction of his reed,  
We cut his head off for his vain endeavor."

Poor philosophers, poor poets!

But we should have less reason to commiserate the fate of Genius, were it possible for it to receive its just dues, when society admits that they are properly claimed. Yet even in the day of its Herculean struggles, when it thunders up into sight and blazes before the people in some grand triumph, the world lingers to pay a brief and ceremonious homage at the shrine of its glory, and then forgets its name forever, unless compelled again, perhaps, to give it another declaration of respect, as transient and rapid as before. The reason of this may be found in the fact that Genius and Society have no mode of communion which is common to both. It is impossible, from the very nature of the two, that they should understand each other perfectly. There is too much divinity in one, and too much humanity in the other for this. Insects

can not talk with men; nor common men with heroes. The two elements in which the heroic and the worldly character move are not alike. The popular element is the surface of life, and, like water, is unstable and ever leaping out of equilibrium. Every sauntering change can shake it out of level and whip it into foam. Hence, it is a feeble consistency. Unusual levity is always a proof of extreme weakness. Only the spawn of humanity can, therefore, live in it. It contains no nourishment for the strong and vigorous character. But it is not so with the element of heroic life. Here, as in the silent depths of the ocean, we find, so to speak, a more compact and earnest fluidity, too deep for fluctuation, and of such dark and determined consistency, that even the great wings of the storm can not startle it, and nothing less than the mighty earthquake can tear up its stern and stubborn roots. In this medium live and move the great fishes of thought. Here swim and plunge the leviathan souls. Nothing but the solid waters could satisfy them. Transfer them to the thinner element, and they languish and die. So when Society coldly wonders why the deep and solitary thinker is ill at ease on the surface of the world, and pines for seclusion, she forgets that the *specific gravity* of that man is too great to let him float. The plebeian mind has not enough of that quality of weight to draw it down to the element of true greatness of character. Let it but once get there, and the mighty pressure that it would be under would shoot it up to the surface again like a bubble of air.

It is from this wide difference between the man of genius and the man of the world, that the popular mind rarely fathoms the latent life of great characters, and knows little or nothing of the quenchless yearnings, the mighty grapplings, the hopes and despairs, the raptures and trials of that heroic spirit, to whose greatness of will and purpose civilization owes its mightiest triumphs. And this is why genius is not a favorite of the fashionable and superficial part of humanity. There is a mutual repulsion prevailing between them. The extreme levity of the one conflicts with the great strength and profundity of the other. I see now how it was that the heroes and sages of old could do nothing popular in their day. I see how Aristides the Just came to be banished from Greece by the Ostracism; how Socrates was martyred, and Galileo was thrown into prison; and how the copy-right of Milton's "Paradise Lost" could sell but for five pounds. I see, too, how it was that when Poggio Bracciolini collected the scattered manuscripts of Quintilian, Plautus, and Columella, he said of these, that "he did not find them in libraries which their dignity demanded; but in a dark and obscure dungeon, at the bottom of a tower, where they were leading the life of the damned." It has been said that the eye of a profound man invariably has the appearance of being intensely directed at some object far away in the distance.

And so it is; genius lives in the future. The age which is present to it is always too far behind it to comprehend the full meaning of its inspired language and wisdom. Homer, with all his simplicity, was not understood by his own generation. Plato had, in his day, but a little group of listeners; and Jesus Christ himself, humble as he was, could gain scarce a hundred disciples before his crucifixion. And who can tell how many a gifted soul has lived and struggled for the future in the far-distant past, whose precious manuscripts, containing, it may be, the ideal of a loftier civilization than ours, have gone to dust, or been scattered to the winds by the revolutions that have, from time to time, swept over the world?

"Who knows how many a potentate of mind  
Has lived a stranger on the callous earth,  
Nor left a name or memory behind?  
How many an art has perished in its birth,  
That might have changed the fortunes of mankind  
And reimpardised us? Who shall tell  
All we have lost? What bliss ineffable  
Has shone before us—we remaining blind,  
Or hostile and indifferent to the light?  
Who tell what thoughts that might have stirred the zones  
Have died unheard?"

#### THE TWO SHADOWS.

BY H. H. POWERS.

WITHIN this nook, whose waters blue,  
By curving banks in dreams are kept,  
When last year's early daisies grew  
Linked hand two shadows slept.  
Beyond the river mountains rose,  
Peak after peak, through golden mist;  
And over all the rapt repose  
Hung skies of tender amethyst.  
Tenderly low a sweet voice told  
A young heart's simple story o'er,  
And asked how far the waters rolled  
Before they broke on yonder shore?  
Asked if those vales were always fair;  
If flowers there died or night-winds blew;  
If sorrow ever pained that air;  
If there love full contentment knew?  
The voice grew very faint, till drowned  
By faith's sweet joy and wishes sweet;  
Then silence came, as if around  
The soft air floated angel-feet.  
Yet flows the river cold and deep;  
Still, here but one, one shadow lies;  
One shadow only—let them weep,  
If tears will brighten faithless eyes.  
A shadow here—a splendor there;  
One waiting here—one safely o'er;  
Yon mountains daily grow more fair;  
The stream seems narrower than before.

## DANCING-SCHOOL.

BY MRS. HARRIET W. SAGE.

"HAVE you decided yet about sending your children to the dancing-school?" asked one of a knot of mothers who were recently spending a sociable afternoon together.

"No I have not. I have been very much perplexed to know what to do; and I thought I would like to consult you about it; their father is so very anxious to have them go that I don't know but I shall have to give up to him. Do you think there would be any very great harm in letting them go, just for one quarter?"

"I don't know that there would be. One thing I do know, that I shall never have any peace with either my husband or children till I consent to their going. It has been a disputed point with us for years; and now that the girls are getting so large, their father says they must go this winter if ever, and they are perfectly crazy to go."

"O, so is my Julia!" said Mrs. K. "I have no peace at all for her teasings; it is the first thing in the morning and the last at night. She says, sometimes, 'O mother, if you could only know how I have set my heart upon it, you would gratify me; and if you will only let me go this one quarter, I will never ask to go again.'"

"I hear you are sending your daughters, Mrs. T.?"

"O no; I am not sending them," she answered with a smile, though her cheek flushed.

"Why, I was told they had joined the class."

"So they have; but this is the way I managed. My conscience would not exactly let me consent to their going; but their father was so anxious that at last I said, 'Well, I will turn you over to your father and let him do as he thinks best about it; but I wash my hands of all the blame.'"

"Well, I don't see but that I shall have to do so, too," said Mrs. C.

"I could not do so if I wished to," said Mrs. J., laughingly, "because my husband will not take any steps respecting the children without my approval, and, desirous as he is to have them taught dancing, he will not send them so long as I have any scruples about its being wrong. So, you see, I can not make 'a scape-goat' of him."

"I often wish I had not been brought up with such awfully strict notions upon that subject. We were made to think dancing 'one of the seven deadly sins.' I was nearly grown before ever I saw any one dance, and then, as you may imagine, I had difficulty in recognizing in that graceful exercise the 'bugbear' of which we had stood so much in awe in childhood. I should love to have my children learn to dance; but I can not, even at this advanced age, shake off a feeling of guilt at the thought of doing what my parents so disapproved of."

"I do wish there was not that prejudice against dancing; for it is such a healthful, graceful amuse-

ment, and improves young peoples' manners so much. Mrs. S., do you intend sending your children to dancing-school?"

"No."

"Yet you enjoyed dancing once as much as any body."

"I did; and for that very reason would I guard my children from those scenes of dissipation which a knowledge of dancing opens to the young. Knowing, as I do, the full extent of the danger, the fascinating nature of the amusement, how effectually it banishes all serious thoughts from the mind, and what a struggle it requires to give it up, even after the heart has been set upon higher, better objects, would it be kind in me to subject my children unnecessarily to the same trying ordeal?"

"But your husband does not disapprove of it. He said, only last night, at our house, that, if you would give your consent, he would send the girls tomorrow. And if you have passed safely through what you call the 'trying ordeal,' why not trust that your children will do the same? There is your eldest daughter really needs something of the kind to improve her walk. I know her awkwardness annoys you, and a few weeks at dancing-school would make it all right. Now, if we get up a private class, promise to let her join it."

"Do not ask it."

"Do tell me why you are so prejudiced against it, when you were not brought up to think it any thing wrong. Seems to me your prejudices are unwarranted."

"It is a matter of conscience with me," replied Mrs. S., the color in her cheek deepening as she spoke. "When I dress my children and send them out, I try to pray, 'Lead them not into temptation, but deliver them from evil,' and then I feel comforted, thinking that the God to whom I sought to consecrate them in infancy will watch over them. But if I deck them out for the dancing-school, and send them where I know their thoughts will be turned upon the vanities of life to the forgetfulness of their baptismal vows, would it not seem like mockery in me to retire and pray, 'Lord, lead them not into temptation?'"

The deep feeling with which she spoke silenced all objectors, and, after a little conversation on other topics, the mothers separated.

As is usually the case with those who manifest most anxiety in seeking advice from their friends, each one took her own way. Mrs. R. sent her children to dancing-school "because papa wished it." Little Julia K. was permitted to go "for one quarter, because she teased so." While being dressed for her first lesson her mother sought to quiet her own conscience by holding a serious talk with her—reminding her that she was a Church member; that Julia had been baptized in babyhood, and that it would be expected, as soon as she grew old enough, that she would become pious and join the Church in her own name, thus giving up dancing and other worldly pleasures; and she was charged to remember these

things while taking her lesson. She promised to try and do this, but it was plain her thoughts were upon her new dress and the dancing-school; and even while her mother was talking she could not keep from practicing "the steps" which the other girls had taught her.

Mrs. T. still continued to think she had managed well in making "a scape-goat" of her husband, and shuffling off the responsibility upon him, though she was a little surprised to overhear one of her children to say to the other—in reference to some school occurrence—"that was *mean* in you to make Sarah bear all the blame." "No, it was not mean," was the reply; "for it is just what mother did about the dancing-school; she said father *might* send us, but that if it was wicked he must bear all the blame of it."

Mrs. S. still continued to pray for her children, "Lead them not into temptation," and—notwithstanding her friends pronounced her *unduly* prejudiced against dancing—sedulously to guard her children from meeting temptations to worldliness half way.

And now, readers, which of these mothers—for they were all professing Christians—could, *with greatest confidence*, plead the promises of God for the early conversion of their children?

#### LEAVES FROM AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY S. WILLIAMS.

Biographical notices—Events of the War—Anecdote of Serrurier, the French Minister—Capture of Washington by the British.

THE length of our last communication—Ladies' Repository, for March—obliged us to omit brief notices of two or three persons resident in Georgetown, ministers in the Methodist Episcopal Church, which could have been more appropriately added thereto. These we now insert. It is proper to remark here, that as both these and the sketches in our last are now first written, after a lapse of nearly forty years, our recollection of facts in relation to the persons named, may not be in all cases very distinct.

*Henry Foxall* resided in a very pleasant and secluded mansion at the upper end of Georgetown, adjacent to the Potomac river, on an eminence affording a good view of the river and part of Washington City. He was a native of England, and emigrated to this country, we think, when young; and from early life was a pious and devoted Christian—a Methodist of the good old stamp, and a local preacher, we believe. In person he was low of stature, but rotund and heavy for his height. His face large, round, and full, with ruddy complexion, and a countenance that at once betokened the meekness, humility, and peacefulness of spirit that reigned within. He was a man of few words;

but not so of his deeds: these identified his name with many of the noble charities and benevolent enterprises of his day. It was to his munificence, we believe, that the Foundry Chapel, in Washington City, owes its existence. He owned an extensive foundry a short distance above Georgetown, and, during the war, was largely engaged in casting and finishing ordnance for the army and navy of the United States; and at the close of the war received a large sum—sixty thousand dollars, if we were correctly informed—to relinquish a heavy contract for a further supply, which the Government did not then need. He began the world poor, and lived to amass great wealth—all by his own unwearied industry and prudent management. We have wondered why a memoir of his life has never been written and published. Such memoir would, we judge, make a very suitable Sunday school book, or tract volume. Mr. Foxall's only child—a daughter—married Mr. Samuel M'Kenney, an amiable and worthy young man, a pious Methodist, of high moral and religious standing. He was a brother of Thomas L. M'Kenney, Esq., well known to the American public as the able Superintendent of the Indian Department.

*Rev. Matthew Greentree* was one of the early Methodist itinerant preachers. He commenced his labors in 1783, but located in 1790, after seven years' labor in the traveling connection. He was now advanced in life; but occasionally filled the pulpit in Georgetown with much acceptability. He was somewhat tall, but very slender. We suppose he has long since deceased.

*Richard Parrot* had once been an itinerant Methodist preacher, and located in 1794, after four years' labor in the itinerant ranks. He was a large, portly, fine-looking man, of dignified appearance, and with an intellectual countenance. He was engaged extensively in some lucrative business—we have forgotten what—in Georgetown. Long prior to the time we speak of, he had dissolved his connection with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was an irreligious man of the world, making no pretension to experimental piety. He died a few years after this; but whether there was "hope in his death" we know not.

Early in the summer of 1814 the events of the war between the United States and Great Britain, which had now been in progress about two years, began to thicken—following each other in quick succession. Some of those events were imposing in their aspect and important in their results. Of this description was the capture of Washington City by the enemy, in August of that year, of which Mr. W. was an eye-witness. His relation of some incidents in that disastrous affair, as also notices of other events of the war occurring about that period, are contained in a series of letters written by him at the time to his father in Chillicothe. Nearly forty years have passed away since that eventful period in our nation's history. But its stirring events have not lost their interest, even with readers



of the present generation, who still may often see and hear—

"The broken soldier—  
Sit by his fire, and talk the night away;  
Weep o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,  
Shoulder his crutch, and show how fields were won.

From the correspondence above mentioned we propose to make some extracts, containing reminiscences of current events of that period. These letters were all written at "Washington City;" which being mentioned once for all, we prefix to each extract the date only of the letter from which it is taken.

**May 10, 1814.** In the National Intelligencer of to-morrow you will see an account of another splendid victory—the capture of a British sloop of war by the American sloop, *Peacock*, after a severe action, in which the enemy suffered great loss. The two vessels were of about equal force, and the result gives additional proof of the superiority of our gallant 'tars' over those of the boasted 'mistress of the ocean.'

"Admiral Cochran has declared the whole American coast in a state of blockade. But in regard to most of our harbors it is only a *paper* blockade. No news of note from the British fleet below in the Chesapeake Bay."

**June 6, 1814.** You will see important news now in almost every paper. The great events in France are startling. They have excited intense interest here."

**June 25, 1814.** I am sorry you did not receive the newspapers sent you with my last. They contained the astounding news from France—of the downfall of Bonaparte—his abdication of the throne—his retirement to the obscure little island of Elba, off the coast of Italy—the overthrow of the Imperial Government—the restoration of the Bourbons to the throne of France—all in a few short days. Mons. Serrurier, the late French Minister to the United States, is continued in his diplomatic relation by the new dynasty, and has been received as such by the President."

The mention of M. Serrurier reminds us of an anecdote of him which was related to us. Some few months prior to this time, at the President's levee, or other fashionable assembly, the lady of General Van N—, in conversation with the French Minister, spoke in severe terms of the doings of Bonaparte. To all this the Minister listened with the most polite attention; and when Mrs. Van N— had concluded, M. Serrurier, with characteristic *naivete*, replied, "Madame, when my master, *le Empereur*, hears what a bad opinion you have of him *how sorry he will feel!*"

We resume the correspondence.

**July 16, 1814.** We have cheering news from General Brown, who, you will see by the papers, has beaten the enemy severely at Chippewa, on the Niagara straits, and retaken Fort Erie.

"The British naval force in the Chesapeake Bay have fortified Tangier Island, as a general rendezvous for their operations in the Bay. The news

to-day is, that a considerable naval force is again at the mouth of the Patuxent. We have great fears for the safety of the city, which many think will be attacked this summer, unless a large military force is concentrated here to protect it."

The last sentence in this letter shows that strong apprehensions of an attack upon the city, by the enemy, were then entertained by the citizens. Of the danger, nay, the probability, of a hostile descent upon the city, the Government could not but be well apprised; and it was fully in its power, and there was ample time, to have drawn together any amount of force necessary for the protection of the city and the immensely valuable public property there. Yet nothing effective was done. And when, more than a month subsequently, the enemy marched upon the city, a feeble resistance only was offered, and it fell an easy prey to the victorious foe.

**July 23, 1814.** London papers to 25th May have been received at New York. The Commissioners of the United States and Great Britain, to treat of peace, were to meet at Ghent, in Flanders. Lieutenant-General Hill, with a detachment of Lord Wellington's army, was to sail for this country."

**July 30, 1814.** This evening's mail brings the news of the loss of the United States brig *Enterprise*, captured at sea by the British frigate *Leander*; but no particulars of the capture. All the enemy's vessels have descended the Patuxent and Potomac rivers and gone down the Bay. We have, consequently, become more tranquil here, and breathe freer. Some even begin to doubt whether the enemy will attempt to visit this city at all. The President, I am told, thinks they will not, and is very confident we shall have peace shortly. But I can not be so credulous as to believe either the one or the other.

"Our news from Sackett's Harbor and the Niagara frontier is gloomy enough. Commodore Chauncey was sick and unable to command. Commodore Yeo [British naval commandant on Lake Ontario] was out waiting for him. Our fleet has probably sailed ere now under command of Captain Jones. General Brown is represented as in a critical situation, by the failure of the fleet to cooperate with him at the head of the Lake."

**August 20, 1814.** You will see by the papers that the enemy's fleet in the Chesapeake has been augmented to fifty sail. They have ascended the Patuxent river and landed a large force at Benedict, forty miles below, and *are now on their march for this city*. All the militia of the District, and surrounding country, are ordered out to repel them. The city brigade marched out this morning, and will be joined by the militia from the country at an appointed position beyond the Eastern Branch. The people are greatly alarmed for the safety of the city. The shops and stores are shut up, business suspended, and many families fleeing to the country. A decisive battle is expected to-morrow, or on Monday, which will decide the fate of the city.

"On going to the office, yesterday morning, I found there a 'general order' for the militia of the District, *en masse*, to march against the enemy, equipped for battle. All the clerks closed their desks and prepared to obey the orders. I returned home and had a knapsack prepared and some necessary articles put up and in readiness for the march, when, about noon, the messenger of the General Land-Office arrived, post haste, and handed me an order from the Commissioner, directing me to repair forthwith to the office and assist the chief clerk to pack up the books and papers thereof, to be removed to a place of safety in the country. This work, in which we have been laboriously employed since yesterday afternoon, will probably require near two days more to complete.

"Dispatches were received at the War Department, this morning, from General Gaines at Fort Erie. Our army there gained a great victory over the enemy on the 15th inst. General Drummond, with a strong force, attacked the Fort at two o'clock that morning and got possession of part of it; but it was soon regained at the point of the bayonet, and the enemy repulsed with great slaughter. Their loss is reported at six hundred killed, wounded, and prisoners; ours not one-tenth of that number. Gaines was preparing to follow up the blow."

The stirring events of the week succeeding the date of the foregoing letter, and the duties devolving upon Mr. W. in relation to the safety of the office, and afterward the removal of his family to the country, left him no time to write till the close of that week. The following extended letter to his father gives an outline narration of the doings at the capital during that eventful week:

"August 27, 1814. It is my painful task to have to announce to you the melancholy news, that THE NATIONAL METROPOLIS OF OUR COUNTRY IS IN RUINS! The Capitol, the President's house, the Government departments—all the public buildings and edifices, as well as some private dwellings—the fort, the navy yard, and all its extensive buildings, shops and dwellings, the extensive and immensely valuable depot of naval stores and armament—all the shipping in port, including the large frigate on the stocks, nearly ready to launch, and several smaller vessels, new and ready for sea, *are, this moment, so many heaps of smoking ruins!*

"To destroy whatever pertained to the military or naval service of the country might, according to the usages of war, be the legitimate right of the conquerors. But the wanton destruction of the Capitol, the President's house, the buildings of the civil departments, and the private dwellings, has left the stigma of deep and indelible disgrace upon the officers who directed it, and upon the civilized and Christian nation which sent them. And not satisfied with this, they committed an act of barbarism worthy only of the dark ages, in mutilating and defacing a group of beautiful marble statuary, erected in the navy yard as a monument emblematic of and to commemorate the signal victory gained

by the Americans in the harbor of Tripoli in 1803.

"It was not till Wednesday morning—August 24th—that we got the last of the effects of the General Land-Office removed to a place of safety, in Loudon county, Virginia, ten miles from the city. The duty of concentrating a large force at the city for its protection, had, as I heretofore remarked, been neglected by the Government. And the only force now available for the defense of the city, was the militia of the District and parts immediately adjacent, with four hundred marines under the command of Commodore Barney—General Winder, of the United States army, commander-in-chief—a young officer with but little experience. The enemy was led on by an experienced and skillful officer—General Ross—who, with his veteran troops, were drawn from the world-renowned and victorious legions of Lord Wellington. General Winder, finding his force too feeble to hazard a battle, and hourly expecting large reinforcements from up the country, fell back to this side of the Eastern Branch, and took a good position on the heights skirting that stream, in full view of Bladensburg on the opposite side, and of the road leading through it, by which the enemy would approach. Meeting with difficulty and delay in pressing horses to transport his artillery and baggage, it was not till Wednesday morning—24th—that General Ross and the invading army reached Bladensburg. General Winder's expected reinforcements failing to reach him, he was compelled to go into battle with fearful odds against him. He had arranged his force in line and taken his position, awaiting the approach of the enemy. At his side were President Madison, the Secretary of War, and the heads of the other departments, with several other officers of the Government, all mounted. About noon the enemy's line appeared in view, and, advancing through Bladensburg to the Eastern Branch, General Ross displayed his columns in line of battle.

"At this critical juncture the President, turning to his Secretaries and other civil officers who had accompanied him, said, 'We will now retire and leave the field to the military functionaries.' They accordingly retired toward the city, beyond the reach of the enemy's fire.

"About one o'clock, P. M., the enemy opened a well-directed fire upon General Winder's lines, made up almost entirely of undisciplined militia. The lines were soon broken, thrown into confusion, and, despite of every effort to rally them, they fled precipitately, retreating across the fields and commons, through the city and Georgetown, and fell back to Montgomery Court-House, fifteen miles up the country. The only force now left to dispute the further advance of the foe was Commodore Barney and his brave marines. The Commodore had taken a position at the bridge, on the road leading from Bladensburg to Washington, to dispute its passage with the enemy; and by the destructive fire from his small battery of field artillery, he kept them in

check for some time. But the enemy's fire being concentrated upon this little band of brave men, they suffered severely. Commodore Barney fell, dangerously wounded; and his force being about to be outflanked and overpowered, he ordered a retreat, directing that himself should be left on the ground, with an officer and a few men. It was done, and on the approach of the enemy the signal of surrender was made on behalf of the Commodore, and a guard of protection placed around him and his friends. General Ross, on being informed who the wounded prisoner was, rode up, alighted from his horse, and, saluting Commodore Barney, said, 'I am glad to see you, Commodore, but very sorry to find so brave and able an officer badly wounded by our fire.' With some further brief expressions of sympathy, and ordering his own surgeons to dress the Commodore's wounds and have him taken care of, the General remounted and pushed on with his army into the city. Commodore Barney was placed on a litter and carried to the city, and every possible attention paid to him.

"The city, abandoned by its protectors, was entered and taken possession of by the invaders, who immediately fired the public buildings, the navy yard, shipping, and all the military and naval stores, as I previously stated.

"Fearing a repetition of the enormities committed by the enemy at Hampton and Norfolk, I determined, if the city should be lost, to remove my family to the country. With this view I returned home from the office two hours previous to the battle. About one o'clock the roar of artillery gave evidence that the conflict had commenced, and an hour afterward I saw the clouds of dust arise between the city and Bladensburg, and was convinced that General Winder was *beaten* and on the retreat, and the enemy probably in close pursuit. About three o'clock the white flag was floating from the tops or windows of several private dwellings in the city, and a few minutes after our troops entered Georgetown in full flight, while women and children were every-where running through the streets almost frantic, and crying and screaming. Knowing that now all was lost, I took my little family and a few valuable articles to the river, where I had procured a skiff to be in readiness to row us up to the foot of the falls, four miles, where a cart was in waiting to take us on four miles further, into Loudon county, Virginia. On entering the skiff I saw the smoke arise from the navy yard, and soon afterward from various other parts of the city, and for the time could not but fear that a general conflagration of the city and Georgetown was intended. Proceeding up the river half a mile, to the narrows, where the road lay along the bank, I perceived the President's carriage opposite to us, with Mrs. Madison in it, accompanied by Mr. Graham—chief clerk of the State Department—and one or two other gentlemen, on horseback. The carriage stopped occasionally while Mrs. Madison looked out toward the city. Presently a military officer, of the Dis-

trict militia, rode up at great speed, proclaiming to the fleeing inhabitants hastening along the road, that 'General Winder was defeated, routed, and in full retreat through Georgetown, closely pursued by the enemy.' The President, it seems, had arranged to overtake Mrs. Madison in Georgetown on horseback, accompanied by several Government officers, and together proceed to some point in Virginia; and it was for him that she stopped to look out. But on hearing the announcement by the officer, she became greatly alarmed for Mr. Madison's safety, fearing, from his delay, that he had fallen into the hands of the enemy, and she sprang out of the carriage into the road screaming and wringing her hands. Mr. Graham, dismounting, endeavored to pacify her and quiet her fears, and succeeded so far as to persuade her to get into the carriage again and proceed up the river. Mr. Madison, I learn, by some mistake in the arrangement, crossed the river at Georgetown and proceeded up on the Virginia side. Dinner was on the table at the President's house before he and his lady left, and the British officers dined together there in merry mood, drinking the President's health, in his own wine, and then setting fire to the beautiful structure.

"But to return. On reaching the falls of the Potomac I found the bridge and the long and narrow road from it up the rocky hill slope, on the Virginia side, occupied by a regiment of Virginia militia and their baggage wagons on the march to join General Winder. But learning here the General's defeat, they countermarched and returned up the hill again. A large number of carriages and vehicles of all description, as well as people on foot and on horseback, fleeing from the city, had collected at the bridge, and, in their turn, blocked up the road an hour longer; and it was not till after dusk that our cart could get down the hill to take us on, and it was ten o'clock ere we reached our place of retreat. On arriving there I was very agreeably surprised to find my kind friend, Dr. Tiffin, the Commissioner, and his family, who had, without concert, chosen the same place of safety with us. The house was a small one, with only two rooms, the largest of which we occupied—the Doctor's family and mine lying on the floor in opposite corners. The conflagration in the city, although seven miles distant, sensibly illumined the place where we were, and the light was distinctly seen at twenty miles distance.

"On Thursday afternoon a severe tornado, accompanied with rain, lightning, and thunder, passed over the city, unroofing some houses, blowing down several chimnies, and doing other damage. From the direction and force of the storm the British officers in the city felt great apprehensions for the safety of their fleet in the Bay and the Patuxent. Some fears were, no doubt, likewise felt by them, on account of the greatly augmented force under General Winder, at Montgomery Court-House, within four hours' march of the city, as well as a more formidable force about to be thrown between

them and their shipping. Taking counsel of their fears, the enemy beat a precipitate retreat on Thursday night, after occupying the city about thirty hours, and hastened their march back to Benedict, where their transports lay in the Patuxent river. It is worthy of note, that none of the enemy—either officers or men—entered Georgetown all the time of their stay in the city.

"I will close this long letter by saying that we returned from our retreat in the country to-day, and found our house and its contents undisturbed. You will doubtless see in the newspapers more detailed accounts of the doings of this eventful week. The official reports have not yet been published."

#### CONSTANCY OF LOVE.

WE remember to have read somewhere an account of a most exemplary instance of conjugal fidelity and devotion, which, if not apocryphal, is certainly without a parallel. A young nobleman of Genoa, who held large estates in Corsica, whither he used to repair every few years to regulate his affairs, had married a beautiful creature named Monimia, an Italian. They lived for some years in undiminished felicity, till, alas for the mutations of time, the devoted husband was compelled to defer no longer a visit to the land of his possessions. During his absence, the island being at the time in a state of insurrection, a report reached the ears of the anxious spouse, that he had fallen a victim to the popular fury and revolt. About the same time, as he was passing along the harbor, he overheard some sailors, who had just arrived, talking of the death of a Genoese nobleman's wife, then absent from the republic. The name of his beloved wife was at length mentioned, when all suspicion yielding to the painful conviction that it was indeed her of whom they spoke, he became so overpowered with grief that he swooned away. On his recovery he determined to lose no time in repairing to his home, in order to ascertain the certainty of the report. Strange as it may appear, simultaneously with this, the equally distressed wife resolved upon a similar procedure. They both took ship—one for Corsica, the other for Genoa; a violent storm overtook both vessels, and each was shipwrecked upon a desolate island in the Mediterranean. Marimi's ship first made land, and the disconsolate widower, wishing to indulge his grief, wandered into the embowered recesses of a neighboring wood. Soon afterward the Genoese ship landed Monimia, with one of her maids; actuated by similar emotions, she bent her sorrowing steps to the same retreat. They each heard the other complaining of their bitter fate; when, moved by a mutual curiosity to see their companion in grief—judge of their amazement and rapturous surprise, when they instantly recognized in each other the dear object of their ardent solicitude and affection. One long, straining and passionate embrace, and they immediately

expired! Their remains were conveyed to Italy, and repose, in their dreamless sleep, under a magnificent mausoleum.

#### A TRIBUTE TO MY MOTHER.\*

BY MRS. S. K. FURMAN.

SHE touch'd the notes so lightly, and her heart's soft music tone,  
With a pathos deep and thrilling, waken'd echoes in my own,  
As from her lips came pouring the words so sweetly rare,  
And the blended music, soaring, told the tale of the "Old Arm'd-Chair."

O who that has watch'd a mother, as she sat in that sacred place;  
With the beams of love all holy lighting up her aged face—  
The precepts so gently utter'd, and the soul, deep melting look;  
As she spoke of the treasures gathered from the leaves of that precious book;  
And calls to mind each blessing, in the spirit's pathway thrown,  
The flowers of holiest feeling that her own dear hand hath strown;  
The tireless tasks of kindness, and the watchful eye so mild,  
And the fount of maternal fondness ever flowing to bless her child;  
And away where scenes are dearer, and the old road windeth round  
To the place our footsteps sadly sought, the spot of hallow'd ground;  
Where, down in her last deep slumber, that cherish'd mother we lay,  
When her feet grew weary of walking the paths of life's troubled way:

O, who all this can remember, when the gush of that touching song,  
Through the spirit's chambers are ringing, like tones of the lov'd and gone;  
Nor feel the throbs of emotion all wildly and tenderly glow,  
And the fount of weeping affections o'er the heart's green memory flow!

I never can list to the breathings that tell of a mother's sweet love,  
But my soul lifts upward its pinions toward the home of her spirit above,  
And I bless the Father of mercies, when freed from changes and care,  
For the hope that grows brighter and stronger, to evermore dwell with her there.

\* Suggested by hearing an exquisite performance of Eliza Cook's well-known song of "The Old Arm-Chair."



## AN OLD MAID'S REFLECTIONS ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

BY MRS. SUSAN W. JEWETT.

In making public this letter from my aunt, I feel that an apology would be due to her, if I did not know that she never yet shrank from expressing her opinions if she thought others might be benefited by them. The difficulty of making her believe this, however, would be so very great that I never should undertake it by argument; for "my aunt, my dear unmarried aunt," is truly a most modest woman—too modest and too distrustful of herself for her own and others' advantage. She is a very quiet observer of what is going on around her; and to an eye quick to discern the good in every thing, she unites a spirit full of kindness, and good-will, and charity, even to the evil-disposed and unlovely. She reasons, as most women do, more from the heart than the head; and from that very fact it may be that her conclusions are more just and true than if they were the result of logical investigation.

My aunt is an *old* maid—how old it matters not to say. She is too old ever to think of matrimony for herself, and old enough to have laid up stores of wisdom gleaned from her observations on married people in general. I never heard her say, in view of all she had seen of the checkered lot of conjugal partners in the world, that she was thankful she had escaped their peculiar trials. On the contrary, she has often acknowledged her conviction that marriage is the condition of the greatest happiness, even if it fell far short of the ideal of what marriage should be, as, in fact, it generally does—partly because women have not all their rights, but chiefly—so she says—because they do not yet know how to use those they have. But let her speak for herself:

I feel, my dear niece, that it is perfectly absurd for me to argue the point of debate—woman's rights—with any of the ultra-reformers; because I should differ from them at the very outset, as I believe fully that the sphere of woman is peculiarly her own, and distinct from that of man. But is she educated, by home and society, in such a manner as to be able to comprehend or fulfill her own mission? The more *womanly* a woman is the more is her influence felt. The very moment she shows herself *manly*, that moment she fails to effect the purest and holiest results of character. But do not mistake me. When I say *womanly*, I do not mean *weak* and *childish*. I know some men profess to be charmed with that extreme of dependence, which can not think for itself, or decide upon the smallest matter without reference to "*my husband*." I have been told that some men like doll-babies for wives—spoiled children, playthings for their leisure hours. I have never yet met a man of so perverted a taste; but there must be some foundation for the opinion that your baby-women have received, else we should not see so many specimens of feminine insipidity

who become wives and mothers, I suppose even these would claim their *right* to be as childish and unreasonable as they pleased. Doubtless it will be granted them; but do not let us call them *women*.

I wish I could do my own ideal of a woman justice by these poor words. I have known a few women who deserved the name. Some were beautiful and some were plain. I can not disconnect a beautiful exterior from my ideal of a perfect woman; and yet the most perfect woman I ever knew was not beautiful in person.

It is an old saying, that woman's life is of the affections; and thereupon many a false system of education has been based. Yet it is, nevertheless, true; not in its narrowest sense of selfish and instinctive attachments, but in its widest sense, which embraces every thing, animate and inanimate, *worthy* of being loved. Woman's love is her strength, not her weakness. So at least it would be under a healthful development. That it is not so is the mistake in her education. I have often been astonished to see at how early an age young girls begin to think of love and marriage. I don't know as it can be helped; or if it could be, I don't know as it would be expedient to help it. Nature is the best teacher. If one could be left to nature with regard to these things, the development of woman would be more true and more perfect in her peculiar sphere—the affections. But in these days nothing is left to nature. The society, the amusements, the literature, every thing at the present day has a tendency to force or distort nature. I have no objection to the young girl's thinking that love and marriage is her probable destiny—is, in fact, the highest destiny of woman. It certainly is. It will do no good for you to bid her not think of such things. You can not prevent it. Every thing she sees, hears, reads, helps to remind her of it, even if her own nature has not yet listened to its own prophecy. You may ridicule and censure, and thereby teach concealment, and instill false and unworthy ideas; but you can not change the immutable law of nature, which is the law of God. But the great danger to woman at this early age is, that the influences which surround her and the impressions she receives are not healthy or in accordance with nature, and the true womanhood within her is warped to suit the false standard of convention and hypocrisy. If I could be young again, with my present self as a teacher—mind, I do not say, as old maids are so often accused of saying, *if I had children, I would do so and so*—but if I, with the nature God gave me, could go back to the days of my childhood, and be under such a teacher as I am now, with my present experience, I think I should grow up a much truer woman than I am at present. I think I should be strong where now I am weak and childish. In looking back, I see how often the life within me spoke words of truest wisdom, which, had they not been uttered in the poisonous atmosphere of society by which I was surrounded, had never been distorted and misunderstood, or forced

back upon me with false shame, by those who had too long been untrue to their own nature to comprehend the beauty or the power of truth.

Woman is born to love. In her nature the affectional predominates. Does not love and tenderness in woman cover a multitude of weaknesses? We do not feel the want of strong intellect in woman as in man. If she have love, conscientiousness, devotion to others, self-sacrifice, and self-forgetfulness, we can still say she is womanly; but if a man be wanting there where we look for strength, judgment, power, we are disappointed and *very sorry*. He is not in one woman's judgment manly. How we all like this word *manly*! and how much better the reality which it signifies! The more womanly a woman is, the more she esteems manliness in a man. What is wanting to perfect the character of each the other supplies. Each needs the other to make a perfect whole. If woman is what she should be, she has a *right* to just that amount and quality of love she feels she needs; and as to saying she is satisfied without it, it is all folly—she may make the best of her condition without it, but she feels she has not her *rights*. When she looks for strength, firmness, decision, unbending sense of rectitude, in the man she loves, joined to respect, tenderness, and devotion to herself, if she finds it not, her nature, rich in its own affection, and the tender charity which springs from it, may strive to conceal even from itself the want and the defect; but she feels she has a right in nature to demand more. She acquiesces, but she is not satisfied. She feels in the depths of her being that she has not her rights. No legislation can give her these. All the knowledge of all the sciences; a free entrance to all the avenues of learning, colleges, the professions, the arts; the right of going to the polls, of speaking in public assemblies, of haranguing in the market-space—every thing may be granted to her, and yet, the inalienable right of her nature to the proper development of her womanly faculties being denied, she is still unsatisfied. A mistake of her own—the result perhaps of inexperience, perhaps of false education, perhaps of society—has made her life, in one sense, a failure; at any rate, it has been a disappointment. Let any single woman, if she dares, in the face of ridicule and sarcasm in this hard world, speak the truth, and she will say, that, with every advantage of wealth, education, position, etc., that can be accorded to her by law or favor, she has a right to something more and higher which no human legislation can give her. And let many a married woman who is not happy tell plainly what it is that makes her lot bitter, her life a disappointment, her heart an aching void—it is not that she can not go with her husband to vote on election days, or share with him the labor of providing for the family, but it is because she does not find in him the man—strong, noble, good, and devoted—that her nature requires to call out all its capacity of devotion.

What does all this prove, you may ask? Just what I meant it should. It proves that women are affectional beings, and that nothing can make up to them for the *want* of something *worthy* to be loved. But the great law of compensation holds good here as every-where. She who has not husband or child must make her love diffusive, unselfish, spiritual, and thereby she grows strong in the discipline of life; and she whose partner is not the true one, may find in the delight of maternal affection, and the holy duties therein involved, a blessedness that dignifies and ennobles her condition.

When I say women feel that they have a right *to love*, I express a universal law of woman's nature. There is also another characteristic of woman, really less womanly, though oftener ascribed to her than the former. It is the right *to be loved*. This is the dream of romantic girls, whose minds are crammed full of fictitious scenes, and whose fancy is redolent of all manner of exotic sweets, pictures, heroes whose whole vocation is to kneel and vow eternal fidelity, etc.

I do not like these whining sentimentalists, who are always complaining that they are not enough loved; who wish to be made an idol, a "bright particular star" to be worshiped; and who think more of what they are to *receive* than of what they can give. Such dreams must end in disappointment. Doubtless all love, to be perfect, must be mutual; yet a true woman knows that she can give more, because her nature is richer in affection than man's nature. She is happiest when she gives most; for she feels, truly, as Juliet says, "The more she gives the more she has to give;" and if her heart is large, as woman's heart should be, it can not stop with her husband and children, but, in proportion as these are loved wisely, nobly, she embraces all others, and becomes "prodigal to all." The tendency of true womanly affection is thus to enlarge the sphere of her sympathies; the fountains unsealed within her own breast for objects peculiarly her own overflow and bless all within her reach. To every wife and mother she is united by a common bond—not only to the happy, but to the unfortunate; for out of true womanly love springs ever a tender compassion.

But you are getting out of patience with me because I do not come to the point. You wish to know if I am interested in the Woman's Rights' movement, and if I think woman has her rights in the present state of society. To answer in as few words as possible, then, I *am* interested in the movement, and I do not think woman has her rights even in her own sphere. But I always feel a repugnance to the idea of her appearing in public places, at conventions and promiscuous assemblies, to assert her rights, because I believe she may work indefatigably and earnestly in another way, and accomplish her object more successfully. First, in the sphere of home, by letting her light shine there; and from thence upon her own

neighborhood, community, and town; and from thence upon the world. But if in the sacred sphere of home she fails to exert that womanly influence, fails to educate her children to the highest goodness, fails to study the characters of those committed to her care, and to give to each the development each requires, although she may have the gift of tongues, the subtilty of the most acute lawyer, and the indefatigable perseverance of one determined to have the *last word*, she fails of accomplishing the object for which she was destined. Her fine theories reflect upon the facts of her daily life greatly to her personal disadvantage, and to the detriment of her cause. Let her do her duty at home, and enlighten others by the light of her own example; or if she feel called upon to speak or to write, let her do this also at proper times and places, not so as to make *herself* more conspicuous than the truth she wishes to promulgate.

But, poor woman! How is she unfitted by education and society to fill the sphere God appointed her! What are the influences which surround her from the first dawning of intelligence to the age of maturity! How false often is her home-education! How fatal to her womanhood the hollowness of society! With whom rests the evil of this but with mothers? Girls are not educated for the sphere of domestic life. They do not understand the holy relations which they are so eager to assume. Vain, frivolous, worldly, helpless, and selfish, they enter upon that most sacred of all relations, and what is the result? Disappointment and sorrow, and a curse entailed upon children's children to the third and fourth generation.

Every girl born into the world has a *right* to the education—moral, physical, intellectual, and affectional—which shall make her a perfect woman. There would soon be a revolution in society if this first step could be taken. It must be taken by woman; each, in her home, to sow the seed there, and send abroad into the world characters that shall bear the fruits of such culture. Will Woman's Rights' conventions teach this? I do not say they will not; but I believe one living, acting example of womanly character at home does more than the most eloquent harangue or the most learned disquisitions.

I do not think women, as a class, have their rights either at home or in society. Most men have an idea that they are born to rule. There are honorable exceptions; and if these could be traced to their beginnings, I think we should find they sprung from homes sanctified by the example and precept of exalted and true *women*—wives who knew their mission; mothers whose powers were consecrated to the good of their children; sisters who were the companions, sympathizers, and self-sacrificing friends of their brothers. Men living under such influences seldom go forth as tyrants. They have received from woman's sphere what man needs to supply his own deficiencies. They are not the sneerers, the doubters, the seducers of

women. They honor her for what they know she is in her true nature. Let every woman render herself thus worthy of honor; she will not complain that she has not her rights. It may take time. All great changes are slow. There is a deal of falsity and error to be worked out of the nature of both man and woman before they become, each in their appointed sphere, what God intended them to be; but there is no progress made by compulsion without conviction. Let woman convince man by her character and life that she is worthy to be his companion, his coworker in all great and good things. Every inch of ground she thus gains is a sure foothold. She must expect to meet resistance; for man is as far from being what he ought as woman—perhaps farther. I am inclined to think there are more earnest and true women than men; but women have given to them by God more patient endurance and more hopefulness, for the very reason that in fulfilling their work in life they require more, whether it be to reform man or society. It is no easy task; but they must pursue it in a womanly manner, which is by *persuasion* rather than by *authority*.

Gross injustice is done to woman in many ways, I admit. I don't think she has her legal or social rights; neither has she, in many instances, her domestic rights. For instance, I think it is degrading to the conscious dignity of a woman of sense and discretion to be compelled to ask of her husband the money necessary to provide for the wants of her family. I never like to see a woman compelled, not only to ask for money, but to tell in what way she intends to appropriate it. I never heard but one feeling expressed by women on this subject. I never heard one woman say that she did it from choice. I have heard many say they never asked for money without an uncomfortable feeling. I have heard many pure and excellent women say it hurt them to ask, although it was always given willingly. They had rather it had been given without asking. Many a wife of a poor industrious man goes without what she really requires for her own comfort or her children's necessities from the dread of adding to her husband's cares. With a painful consciousness of the difficulties that beset him, the annoyances to which he is exposed, and the weariness of body and soul which he endures for the support of his family, yet, when she can not put off longer, she at length asks, almost as if begging a favor, instead of claiming her right; and it almost always happens that she comes just at the wrong time, when it is harder to give than ever. Had there been a time when the husband had a little to spare, would it not have been better that he had given it *unasked*, and with as cheerful a spirit as possible? It would not then have left a pang. The wife would not have felt herself a burden. To be sure, she ought not so to feel in any case, if she were faithful to her duty. Yet to receive what she knew to be hard earned, at the very time when it could least easily be spared,

makes her feel that she is an unwelcome burden. She has a right to more consideration.

But here let me put in a few words in extenuation of man's apparent injustice. Although, as a woman, I say it with shame, it is nevertheless true, that there are many wives who are unfit to be trusted with money. This, however, is generally owing to their mistaken education. Many, perhaps most, women marry to be supported, not to be fellow-workers with their husbands in the support of the family. The gift of their precious little selves, however weak and childish, they are taught to consider cause of supreme and life-long gratitude to man; and if his whole life and strength are devoted to them, it is only just compensation for such a treasure. How much man has done to make woman believe this perhaps he knows better than I. Let him recall the vows uttered in the days of courtship—vows sincere, perhaps, as the passion that prompted them—a passion based, it may be, on the fancied perfection of its object or the headstrong infatuation of youth. But the days of courtship over, he begins the labor of life; he has put his shoulder to the wheel; he must work in the same mill-horse round from day to day. He is proud; he wishes to see the object of his love happy and free from care; he loves to see her look beautiful, dress becomingly; he can not bear that she should have a thought of anxiety. O man! knowest thou not there can be no happiness in selfishness and self-indulgence—in idleness, in frivolity, in vanity, in dress, in fine furniture, in poor, paltry efforts to appear as well as this or that neighbor? If thy wife is young and foolish, canst thou not teach her the true secret of happiness lies in devotion to others—in active industry—in being, indeed, a helpmate to thee? Believe me, O man, just so far as thou encouragest helpless idleness in thy wife, thou makest her a source of torment to herself, if not to thee. Seriously, my dear niece, I think that the wives of poor men should be co-workers with them in providing for their families. There are many ways in which it can be done. It is false pride and false shame that stands in the way of her usefulness. Some wives can help best by saving; others, more active and energetic, can make themselves useful in other ways. Let each rational woman judge for herself what she can do best.

Another wrong which is done to woman in domestic life is, the withholding from her all knowledge of business affairs and relations, and an exact statement of financial concerns, that she may regulate her own expenses accordingly. Many a woman has been condemned, and may have reproached herself, for extravagance, who has sinned through ignorance, and because her husband—perhaps through mistaken tenderness, but full as often from want of respect for her judgment—has withheld from her a knowledge of his pecuniary embarrassments till he became a bankrupt. Surely that was not giving her the rights of a wife or a woman. Even a weak

and selfish woman, if she truly loves her husband, can not be insensible to an appeal made to her judgment and her heart, which shows respect and confidence, and a reliance upon her love. Many a man has been surprised to find strength, energy, and fortitude in the woman whom he had treated as a child in his day of prosperity. Let him, then, if he wishes to develop these faculties, treat her as if she possessed them. Let him make her his confidant, his friend. Let her see that he trusts her. She will grow in strength and excellence thereby.

But what shall I say of those bitter wrongs—so unmerited, yet so irremediable—of the tender, the strong, the loving woman united to a being who has brutified himself by vice till he deserves no longer the name of man? My heart sinks at the dreary prospect of such living death, as those die daily whose affections are instruments of torture to hearts that *will not break*, but must live on and suffer, and see those suffer who are dearer than life, and yet have no redress, and see no prospect or possibility of redress.

Here legislation may and must do something; and of that I have more to say in another letter. But even here, if woman can have influence, it is only through her perfect womanhood—only by her gentleness, her patience, her tender compassion, that embraces even the outcast. Woman is best fitted for this ministry; she follows nearest in the footsteps of the dear Lord, and thus is replenished with strength and patience from the fount of love. But into these abodes of sorrow, consecrated by the presence of these long-suffering disciples, let me not enter now. I have been a guest there; and, when I have come away, I have felt what woman could be, if to her affectionate nature were added that life-giving Christianity that hopeth all things, endureth all things, forgiveth all things, for the sake of Him who was made perfect through suffering.

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#### SPRING.

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BY R. F. R. C.  
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SWEET SPRING! of all the seasons of the year,  
I love thee best. Thy genial breath and  
Sunny skies seem all nature to refresh,  
Which for so long a time has been encircled  
In the arms of stern, cold Winter. Once more  
We bid thee welcome. Come with thy glorious  
Robe of living green, and clothe the earth with  
Beauty; cheer thou with light dark nature's face;  
Ride forth, majestic sun, and give thy  
Brilliant rays to cheer and gladden all  
Created things. Then shall the voice of praise  
Ascend from this glad world in joyous tones;  
Then shall we strike our lyre, and praise the  
Giver for the gifts.



## THE GINGERCake.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

BY ALICE CARY.

In the last chapter I told you about the school-house, and said Dr. Bigstaff's great white house was in sight of it, and that sometimes Amelia and Augustus Bigstaff came to our school.

They were not regular scholars, and came to school rather in fun than for any thing else; but we were nearly all pleased to have them come, and, in fact, thought our little school-house quite honored by their presence. They went to a fine academy, far away from home, for the most part; but when they were home at the vacations they sometimes came to our school for a few days or weeks, to pass the time.

Every body said Dr. Bigstaff was very rich, and could afford to send his children to the academy, or do any thing else; but this was not true. He was not so rich as some persons in our neighborhood who didn't send their children to school at all; he only made the most of what he had. And while some other folks locked their money in an old chest, or sewed it up in their feather beds, or bought fifty acres of woodland with it, Dr. Bigstaff bought a carriage, and a carpet for his parlor, and new clothes for Augustus and Amelia—and this was what made him seem to be so rich.

It does not take so much for us to live comfortably as many persons think; and it seems to me much wiser to enjoy a little every day, than to work, and sweat, and save all for some time that is far off, and which very likely we shall never live to see.

Some of the scholars called the Bigstaff children proud and stuck up, and would have nothing to do with them; but I think they had no more pride than the rest of us; indeed, I have rarely seen a more sweet-tempered and lovely girl than Amelia. I did not dislike her, as did some of the other girls, because her dresses were finer and more stylish than mine; on the contrary, I would have been very glad to have mine as nice as hers; and to this day I think it is right for us all, according to our circumstances, to look as well as we can.

Flowers do no good sometimes that we know of; but shall we hoe them all out of the edges of the garden beds because they do no good, or shall we never wear any thing pretty because it really does no good? After all, I am not sure but that, in one sense, whatever is beautiful is good; for beauty pleases us, and it is good to be pleased and happy.

We who belonged in the district school wore leather strings in our shoes instead of ribbons, and had our plump arms and shoulders carefully covered from sight, and our hair braided and tucked up with combs like old women of fifty—we girls, I mean; for the boys all wore trowsers, and coats, and hats just like their fathers, instead of having

boyish fashions which would have been more becoming. We had little split baskets or tin pails in which we carried our dinner to school, but Amelia Bigstaff had a pretty willow basket; and while we had everlastingly the same apple-pie and bread and butter, she had cakes, and tarts, and sandwiches, and other nice things that were tempting to our juvenile appetites.

I admired her apron one day, and the next day she brought me the pattern of it; but when I took it home I was told it might look well enough for Amelia, but that it would not be pretty for me. I cried very sadly; and, folding the pattern, laid it carefully away, thinking I would have an apron when I was big enough to make it myself; but when I grew large the pattern was too small for me; so I never had the apron at all.

We were classmates—Amelia and I—and though it was only for a few weeks in the summer that she came to school, we grew to like one another very much. I had never been away from home farther than I could see when I climbed to the top of the high cherry-tree that brushed against the roof of our house; and she had been in three different states and half a dozen cities, and could tell me a great many things that were interesting and curious. We used to sit at noontimes under a low maple-tree that stood in a hollow, along which ran a small stream of water. The yellow dandelions that grew on the banks didn't often tempt us from the shade, nor the red and green crawfishes that crawled from beneath the shelving banks. We had other employment for our thoughts. In fact, I was never weary of her telling about all the places and persons she had seen.

Sometimes I thought I would repeat to her the rude verses I had made and written in my copy-book; but they were so poor I was ashamed, and never told them to any body except the dearest and best sister in the world.

It used to be a fashion with us to go home with each other and stay all night. Amelia had been home with me half a dozen times. I had shown her the brown hen that had a nest in a hollow stump every year; the playhouse, with its broken bits of china and carpet of leaves; the dress that I wore Sundays, and all the little books I had; and it was my turn to go home with her.

I had to coax very hard before I obtained leave to go even once. I never did go but once; but that visit I shall not be likely to forget.

I didn't suppose that any body, except kings and queens, lived in finer style than Dr. Bigstaff's folks; and I was curious to know what their house was like, and to see Amelia at home would not be like seeing her at school.

At last I was told I might go if I wanted to, but that it would be better for me to come home. I thought not, and went, though I was not allowed to wear my best dress and bonnet, as I wished to do.

Augustus was older than Amelia—a selfish and

unamiable boy. He would never play unless he could choose the play, and then lead in it.

There was a play that we called "Old Black Tom," which was played in this way: A circle was formed, and one appointed to walk round it, when some one must say, "Who is going round our house this dark night?" and he who walked round answered, "Old Black Tom." "What is he after?" was inquired then, when he was expected to answer, "Sheep;" and was told to take the least one and be gone.

In this play Augustus would always be the Black Tom, and instead of answering, "Sheep," he would answer, "Mutton," or something else that was not right; and when we told him to take the least one and be gone, he would drag us away very roughly, sometimes hurting us and breaking up the play.

I have related this as an example of his conduct in every thing; he cared for the pleasure of no one but himself; and if he had more apples than he wanted, would just as soon feed them to the pigs as give them to some poor child who had none at home. This selfishness and thoughtlessness once kept from me a coveted gingercake; and I can not think of it, though it is long ago, without feeling something of what I suffered then.

But I must go back a little. I was talking about going home with Amelia.

It was a plain, unpretending country house where she lived, but it seemed to me very fine then. There was a graveled walk leading from the front gate to the house; and a portico, with a high flight of steps; and trees and flowers about the yard, where there were four or five peacocks eating the grass, and trailing their long bright tails right proudly.

I remember all I saw; for it was not often I went from home, and to go to Dr. Bigstaff's was something more than an ordinary visiting.

We sat at first in the dining-room—a large room, with a low ceiling, and having on the floor a homemade carpet of red and green stripe. There was a great deep fireplace, with a bright brick hearth. A wood fire was burning on it; and Mrs. Bigstaff cooked the supper and the breakfast there. She was a fat, motherly woman, and patted me on the cheek, and said I was a little lady; and told Amelia to show me the pet rabbits and the garden, and go to the swing, which she did.

It was in September, and there were ripe grapes and pears, which I liked the better because we had none at home.

Dr. Bigstaff met us in the garden, and said we must not eat too many or we would get sick, and have to be bled and blistered; and that if we would go back to the house we would find something much better for us. So we ran back. The candle was lighted and the table spread; the teapot steaming on the hearth, and something baking in the skillet that seemed to me to smell better than bread. By and by Mrs. Bigstaff took the lid off the skillet, and there, sure enough, was a great gingercake, all brown, and bursting open in the

middle. It was almost a feast to look at; but I could not help thinking it would be better to taste.

Directly Amelia's mother turned it out on a pink china dish, and broke it in pieces steaming hot. She was so kind and sweet-mannered to me that I felt less awkward than I otherwise would have done; but I was a good deal embarrassed, and could not eat my supper so well as I could have done at home.

When the cake was served, Amelia did not take any; she had it every day, and did not think it a luxury. I refused it because she did, and I supposed it was proper for me to do so, but I wanted it very badly. Mrs. Bigstaff said she had made it specially for me, and I must eat a piece, and see if she could make good cake; but I said no; I didn't care about it; so she ceased to urge me, and I saw the cake put away in the cupboard with something such feelings as perhaps kings have had at the vanishing of a crown.

Amelia had a fire in her own room after supper, and we sat in two little rocking-chairs before the blaze, and turned over bright pieces of calico and silk that she had, and books with such pretty pictures, and cushions and playthings more than I can tell of.

We slept together in a bed with frilled pillow-slips and a white counterpane, which Mrs. Bigstaff brought for the occasion. I had never had so much attention paid me, and was pleased and delighted with my visit.

I wish there were more folks like Mrs. Bigstaff, and then the children would be a great deal happier.

There was no cake for breakfast; but, when we were getting ready to go to school, I saw Amelia's mother put almost all of it in the basket for our dinner.

She told me I must come again; and I remember how tightly she held my hand and how sweetly she smiled when she said so. Her memory is pleasant to me.

A couple of hours after we had gone to school, Dr. Bigstaff drove up to the door in his carriage, and took Amelia away—some young cousins from a distance were come to see her.

Augustus remained; and when the noon came, he took the basket from my desk, and ate his dinner without offering me any of the cake. Perhaps he did not think of it, and, being hungry, ate it all without remembering that I was hungry, too.

Even now I can not help thinking, when I eat cake, that it is not half so good as that would have been which I did not eat.

Think of this story, my little readers, when you have cakes or candies, and do not eat them all if there is any one with whom you can divide them.

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SENECA accounts him the most unhappy of mankind whom the gods have not honored with adversity as the means of subduing him.

## JAMES AXLEY.

BY BISHOP MORRIS.

IN 1804 the Western conference was reinforced by a class of young men, some of whom became very distinguished Methodist preachers—among them were Samuel Parker, Peter Cartwright, and James Axley. With the last-named I never enjoyed but one week's personal acquaintance, but that left upon my memory an indelible impression of his person and character, of which this pen-portrait is but an imperfect reflection. He had mingled with scenes of excitement, toil, and peril well calculated to develop his physical and mental energies. Among his early fields of labor were Red river, Hockhocking, French Broad, Opelousas, and Powell's Valley. Subsequently he labored on Wabash, Holston, Green River, and French Broad districts as presiding elder. These widely separated points in the Lord's vineyard, all included in the old Western conference, indicate that he had a pretty thorough breaking into the Gospel harness after the manner of our fathers, in the days of Bishop Asbury, when itinerancy was what its name imports.

Long as I had been crossing the path of that notable man, and much as I had heard of him among the people, my first sight of him was not obtained till the autumn of 1837. That year the Holston conference met at Madisonville, eastern part of Tennessee, some ten miles from which brother Axley, then in a local relation, resided. The first day of the session after adjournment I was walking to my lodging alone, when I heard a brother some forty steps behind me say to another, "Yonder comes brother Axley." Looking ahead I observed a man advancing toward me whose person was imposing. He was perhaps five feet eight inches high; not corpulent, but very broad and compactly built, formed for strength; his step was firm, his face was square, complexion dark, eyebrows heavy, appearance rugged; dressed in the costume of our fathers, with straight-breasted coat, and broad-brimmed hat projecting over a sedate countenance. His wide-spread fame as a natural genius without any early education, and especially the numerous incidents I had heard of him as a western pioneer, had excited in me a greater desire for his personal acquaintance than that of any other living man I had never seen, except Jacob Gruber. The sound of his name falling on my ear involuntarily quickened my pace, and we were soon together. As I neared him I held out my right hand and received his, when the following salutations were exchanged:

"How are you, brother Axley?"

"Who are you?"

"My name is Thomas A. Morris."

Then surveying me from head to foot, he replied, "Upon my word, I think they were hard pushed for Bishop-timber when they got hold of you."

"That is just what I thought myself, brother Axley."

"Why, you look too young for a Bishop."

"As to that, I am old enough to know more and do better."

Turning back with me, we walked to our lodging, being both quartered at the same place. Every hour that I could redeem from conference and council business was enlivened by his quaint but thrilling narratives of his early travels, labors, and difficulties. Unaccustomed to the free use of the pen, he kept all his records in his tenacious memory, much strengthened by use, and narrated with uncommon precision as to names, dates, and the order in which facts transpired. This he did leisurely and with perfect self-possession, but spiced the whole with such apt remarks and consummate good-humor that the attention of the company never faltered. Never was I better entertained or more instructed with the conversation of a fellow-sojourner in one week than with his. It was decidedly rich.

Next morning I observed him seated near the door, remote from the business platform, and invited him forward to conduct the opening religious service of the conference. Then it was that some of his peculiarities were practically developed to me for the first time. His reading and prayer were brief and simple, yet quite impressive. But his singing took me entirely by surprise. He used no hymn-book, gave out no lines, but led off on a familiar hymn and tune in strains so exhilarating and devotional that both appeared to be new and superexcellent. Whether he had ever paid any special attention to tune-books is doubtful, as he was proverbial for his opposition to choir-singing. However that may have been, his voice embodied in itself more strength, more volume, more melody, and certainly more devotional influence, than that of an ordinary church choir of a dozen select singers. He was invited to a seat on the platform.

After the journal was read, an unimportant resolution was offered, over which there was a little sharp shooting by speech-makers. Our guest, though opposed to the motion, did not interfere in the discussion. The brethren, having fired their minute guns, came to a vote, expressed in the usual way by raising their hands: two hands were plainly visible, and another was partly elevated and then suddenly drawn down. Before the Chair had time to announce the decision, brother Axley vociferated, in a very quaint manner, "Just two votes and a half for that." The effect upon the risibles of the body ecclesiastic was electrical; the gravest of the fathers were convulsed with laughter. Only the author of it seemed to be self-possessed.

There were points of singular contrast in his character. His exterior was rough as a block of granite fresh from the quarry, and his manner of reproving disorderly persons at popular meetings over which he presided was said to indicate severity; yet his conscience was so tender and his moral

sensibility so acute, that a mere suggestion from a friend that he had erred in any given case would draw from him prompt acknowledgment with a shower of tears. His dress and address indicated the rustic, probably perpetuated by the force of early habit; and yet in social intercourse he was both kind and attractive. His conversational talent was of a superior order. Without classical learning or much pretension to book knowledge, he was such a master in practical, every-day affairs that he could not only delight, but instruct sages and divines. He could so present even a commonplace topic as to throw interest around it, and by his musical powers he conquered some who could be reached by no other means. I was informed that individuals who were at first his enemies and persecutors because of his profession as a Methodist preacher, on hearing him sing, became his warm friends; and I do not doubt it. Indeed, he told me himself of an instance in which he was relieved from great embarrassment by singing, without saying anything as to the merit of the performance. It occurred while he was laboring on the Opelousas mission, in Louisiana, perhaps about the year 1807 or 1808. In order to supply some destitute neighborhoods with the Gospel by enlarging his mission, he went on a tour of exploration where he was a stranger to all. Some of his adventures during that expedition would, by the ministers of this generation, be regarded as specimens of moral heroism. But omitting other incidents, I shall refer only to the point in hand. One evening, after riding all day without any dinner, he called at a house where the family consisted of a widow lady, a grown daughter, a number of children, and some servants, none of whom were religious. The lady and her family regretted his coming, would not grant his request to remain over night, and clearly indicated by looks and actions that he was an unwelcome guest. The reader may ask why he did not leave immediately. The reason was, he knew, if defeated in obtaining lodging there, nothing remained for him but a berth in the dark wood, without food or shelter, at an inclement season of the year. As he lingered a little to warm himself and consider how he should manage to pass that dreary night, the thought of his forlorn condition as a homeless stranger, without money or friends, came like a dark cloud over his mind. His deep, sad cogitations proceeded in silence. Then, as was natural in his extremity, he turned his thoughts toward his heavenly Father's house above, where he hoped some day to find a home free from the ills of mortal life. Being a little cheered with the prospect, without leave, introduction, or ceremony, he began to sing one of the songs of Zion in a strange land. As he proceeded his depressed feelings became elevated; the vision of faith ranged above and beyond the desolate wilderness he had just been contemplating as the place of his night's sojourn; the family were soon all melted into tears; he took fresh courage, and sang on with the least

possible pause, till he had finished, perhaps, the third song, when the lady called a servant, and ordered him to put the gentleman's horse in the stable; and the daughter added, "Be sure to feed him well." Thus a few strains of sacred melody, such as Axley could wield, removed all opposition and relieved the case.

Brother Axley made every important interest of life a subject of prayer, as all Christian people should. Toward the close of our week's interview he incidentally alluded to his courtship and marriage, which occurred, I believe, after he had been a minister some years. He opened his mind to his intended by letter, inclosed in another letter to her brother, with whom she resided. To the brother he wrote, if he had any objection to the correspondence with his sister, to burn it, and that would end the matter. The letter, however, was delivered into her hand, containing a proposition of marriage, and a notice that he would be there on a given day to receive the answer. On the day appointed he came, obtained an interview, and opened the cause by stating he wished to talk over the subject alluded to in his letter; "but, first of all," said he, "we must pray for direction." They kneeled together, and he led in prayer. After prayer he wished to know whether she consented to the proposed union. She thought it would not be amiss for her to have longer time in which to decide; but he deemed that needless, as they were well acquainted, and insisted on a present and direct answer. The result was marriage.

He was proverbial for his opposition to slavery and whisky. After he located he supported his family by the labor of his own hands as a farmer, and was wont to testify, on all proper occasions, that his logs were rolled, his house raised, and his grain cut without whisky; and though he had plentiful crops of corn, not the first track of a negro's foot was ever seen in one of his fields. Such was his version of facts, as I learned from some of his friends.

I never heard brother Axley preach; but, according to popular fame, his pulpit performances were practical, forcible, and left a deep and abiding impression on the multitudes that thronged together to hear him. To this day we occasionally hear allusions made to a sermon he preached in the city of Baltimore, during the General conference of 1820, of which he was a member. It must have been a potent sermon to be remembered so distinctly for the third of a century. I have heard also very frequently allusions to his pulpit performances in different parts of the western country, where he had operated to good purpose as a traveling preacher, more particularly in Kentucky and Tennessee. But perhaps the effort which occasioned the most talk and obtained the greatest notoriety was the one said to have been made in his own section of country, and was commonly known as Axley's temperance sermon, though not so designated by any preannouncement. It should



be known that east Tennessee in those days was regarded as a great country for producing peach-brandy, and for a free use of it; also, that the New Lights abounded there, familiarly called Schismatics, and that Church members who rendered themselves liable to a disciplinary process would occasionally go over to them, as a city of refuge, where they felt safe from its restraints. With this preliminary, I proceed to recite a passage from the sermon, reminding the reader that my authority is not personal knowledge, but the verbal statement of a highly respectable Methodist minister, Rev. Dr. G., of Tennessee. I write it substantially as I heard it:

TEXT: "Alexander the coppersmith did me much evil: the Lord reward him according to his works," 2 Tim. iv, 14.

Paul was a traveling preacher, and a bishop, I presume, or a presiding elder at least; for he traveled extensively, and had much to do, not only in regulating the societies, but also in sending the preachers here, there, and yonder. He was zealous, laborious, would not build on another man's foundation, but formed new circuits, where Christ was not named, "so that from Jerusalem, and round about unto Illyricum, he had fully preached the Gospel of Christ." One new place that he visited was very wicked—Sabbath-breaking, dancing, drinking, quarreling, fighting, swearing, etc., abounded; but the word of the Lord took effect; there was a powerful stir among the people, and many precious souls were converted. Among the subjects of that work there was a certain noted character, Alexander by name, and a still-maker by trade; also, one Hymeneus, who was his partner in the business. Paul formed a new society, and appointed brother Alexander class-leader. There was a great change in the place; the people left off their drinking, swearing, fighting, horse-racing, dancing, and all their wicked practices. The stills were worked up into bells and stew-kettles, and thus applied to useful purposes. The settlement was orderly, the meetings were prosperous, and things went well among them for some time. But one year they had a pleasant spring; there was no late frost, and the peach crop hit exactly. I do suppose, my brethren, that such a crop of peaches was never known before. The old folks ate all they could eat, the children ate all they could eat, the pigs ate all they could eat, and the sisters preserved all they could preserve, and still the limbs of the trees were bending and breaking. One Sunday, when the brethren met for worship, they gathered round outside of the meeting-house, and got to talking about their worldly business—as you know people sometimes do, and it is a mighty bad practice—and one said to another, "Brother, how is the peach crop with you this year?" "O," said he, "you never saw the like; they are rotting on the ground under the trees; I don't know what to do with them." "How would it do," said one, "to still them? The peaches will

go to waste, but the brandy will keep; and it is very good in certain cases, if not used to excess." "I should like to know," said a cute brother, "how you could make brandy without stills?" "That's nothing," replied one, "for our class-leader—brother Alexander—is as good a still-maker as need be, and brother Hymeneus is another, and, rather than see the fruit wasted, no doubt they would make us a few." The next thing heard on the subject was a hammering in the class-leader's shop; and soon the stills in every brother's orchard were smoking and the liquid poison streaming. When one called on another the bottle was brought out, with the remark, "I want you to taste my new brandy; I think it is pretty good." The guest, after tasting once, was urged to repeat, when, smacking his lips, he would reply, "Well, it's tolerable; but I wish you would come over and taste mine; I think mine is a little better." So they tasted and tasted till many of them got about half drunk, and I don't know but three-quarters. Then the very devil was raised among them; the society was all in an uproar, and Paul was sent for to come and settle the difficulty. At first it was difficult to find sober, disinterested ones enough to try the guilty; but finally he got his committee formed; and the first one he brought to account was Alexander, who pleaded not guilty. He declared that he had not tasted, bought, sold, or distilled a drop of brandy. "But," said Paul, "you made the stills, otherwise there could have been no liquor made; and if no liquor, no one could have been intoxicated." So they expelled him first, then Hymeneus next, and went on for compliment, till the society was relieved of all still-makers, distillers, dram-sellers, and dram-drinkers, and peace was once more restored. Paul says, "Holding faith and a good conscience; which some having put away, concerning faith have made shipwreck: of whom is Hymeneus and Alexander; whom I have delivered unto Satan, that they may learn not to blaspheme."

Of course they flew off the handle, and joined the Schismatics.

Now, in view of the peculiar structure of brother Axley's mind and his characteristic habits of thought and expression, they who were best acquainted with him will be most likely to admit that the above outline may be substantially correct. I was anxious to have learned more items of the history of that good man; but at my next visit to Holston conference, in 1840, I had left me only the mournful pleasure of visiting his grave, in a rural cemetery, which, at that time, was without inscription or inclosure. If some one of our senior brethren, better acquainted with the subject of this brief notice than the writer, would favor the public with a reliable biography, and thereby rescue the name of James Axley from oblivion, he would confer a lasting benefit on the Church and the numerous friends of the deceased. Whatever is to be rescued from oblivion concerning the early pioneers of Methodism must be soon done.

## THE TWO PORTRAITS.

BY MRS. M. A. EASTON.

It was my hap to enter the gallery of —, when my friend and I were shown numerous pictures. The beauties of one and the imperfections of another were discoursed on in the usual way, till our attention was directed to two portraits, which made upon my mind an indelible impression. There was not much difference apparent in their ages; their abilities I would judge to be much the same; both self-made, at least so far as having risen from poverty to eminence. They had earned well-deserved renown in their different spheres and callings. Upon one disease appeared to have done more than half its work; the other displayed the very beauty of health; but what struck me so forcibly was the expression of each. I never had such a vivid conception of the full meaning of the Scripture words, "having no hope," as was revealed in those otherwise rotund and expressive features. Can I forget that vacant look? It seemed as if resting upon nonentity. While that other expression of the apostle, "the assurance of hope," shone in every lineament of that sallow countenance; speaking from the eyes and every feature of the face; demonstrating to a certainty the *hidden* life within. I had seen these characters before, but their living selves told not the truth their pictures did.

"Of all but moral character bereaved,  
His vice or virtue now to each remained  
Alone—each to his proper self reduced."

The meekness and humility of the one half hid from public gaze the better qualities of the heart; while the apparent buoyancy of spirit that animated the other covered the corruption that fed the "*undying worm*" that was consuming the very soul of his existence. And is it possible that in the brief years of thirty we may form characters so extreme? What a lesson for youth!

## A WORD TO LITTLE GIRLS.

WE commend the following to all *little girls*: "Who is lovely? It is the little girl who drops sweet words, kind remarks, and pleasant smiles, as she passes along—who has a kind word of sympathy for every girl or boy she meets in trouble, and a kind hand to help her companions out of difficulty—who never scolds, never contends, never teases her mother, nor seeks in any way to diminish, but always to increase her happiness. Would it not please you to pick up a string of pearls, drops of gold, diamonds, or precious stones, as you pass along the streets? But these are the precious stones that can never be lost. Take the hand of the friendless; smile on the sad and dejected; sympathize with those in trouble. If you do this you will be sure to be beloved."

## THE SON OF THUNDER.

BY J. D. BELL.

DESPAIR, dark-winged, was brooding o'er the earth,  
And mountains sat like mourners on the plains;  
The ages journeyed with no heart for mirth,  
Like pilgrims passing through a land of pains.  
But there was heard a strange voice on the hills,  
And darkness, thunder-struck, fell from the air;  
The drowsy nations shook with joyous thrills,  
And, leaping onward, cried, "*The son of thunder's there!*"

Ages roll by, and now the throbbing land  
Lies robed in costly garments every-where;  
Progress no longer, with a withered hand,  
Goes toiling through the valley of despair.  
But still the son of thunder shakes the earth,  
And men go yearning 'round his wondrous form:  
At his wild touch great forces spring to birth;  
He rules the earth, the ocean, and the storm.

Like the old Thunderer of Olympian heights,  
Who called the gods his children, men his thralls,  
He makes the thunder speak his royal rights,  
And lightning write them on creation's walls!  
Crowned head of nature, nothing dare resist  
The proclamation of his monarch will!  
The fates of centuries slumbering in his fist,  
He conquers, and goes on to conquer still.

He digs up mighty mountains, and unlocks  
The secret cells where Nature hid her gold;  
And delving down among the roots of rocks,  
Seeks out the giant tracks God made of old.  
He scares out rivers, and usurps their beds;  
Lifts up the hills to see what's buried there;  
Across the storm-swept ocean boldly trends,  
And drags a world back by its Indian hair!

Yet born for still a mightier life than this,  
He charms the reptile forces 'round him tame—  
Whirls them in air, and, whistling as they hiss,  
Buckles upon them harnesses of flame!  
He touches water, and it turns to steam;  
He chains the lightning and plucks out its dread;  
Fastens to his car the fiery team,  
And then the son of thunder thunders, "Go ahead!"

He is a warrior, too, all fire at heart—  
A mighty chieftain battling in the van;  
Strong as the rock no storm can blow apart;  
Wielding his sword for freedom and for man.  
See how the world leans safe upon his arm  
In the stern battle-times of human right!  
See how the foe goes gibbering in alarm!  
The son of thunder is a Washington in fight!  
And in a fiercer strife than that of swords—  
The bloodless grapple of conflicting thought—  
He deals out thunderbolts of burning words;  
His hero-blood with inspiration caught,  
Through Error's dusky ranks he dashes on,  
While grim old creeds fall thick along his way;

'Round demon feet he knows not how to fawn;  
The son of thunder is a Luther every day!

A student, too, he makes his study truth,  
The rock-roofed mountain caves his "classic  
balls;"

Calls the majestic rivers fellow-youth,  
And learns his lesson of Niagara Falls.  
Upon the ocean-shore he takes his seat,  
To learn the speech of tempests thundering by;  
And when he muses seeks some grand retreat,  
Where islands in the ocean-cradles lie.

His spirit hath a worship all its own:  
He seeks the hills where storms go thunder-shod,  
And, on some altar made of mountain stone,  
Pours out his homage to the giant God.  
In the dread solitude of mighty rocks,  
Wrapt with Jehovah's mantle, see him kneel!  
Fearless he treads amid the tempest shocks,  
And fastens on the skies, while earth and ocean  
reel.

A starry aim had glimmered on his soul,  
And sunward he soared upon eagle wing;  
Darkness and clouds stood thick around the goal,  
Yet the wild man went upward thundering.  
One prayer he put up in good faith to God,  
That he might give his manhood blood and bone;  
Then the dread chaos parted at his nod:  
The son of thunder spoke, and it was done!

His works are wonders, and they stand alone;  
His manhood's gifted presence fills the air,  
And when men meet him they are made to own  
How like a God this man is every-where.  
In the old time they chained his strong limbs  
down,  
And thought they had put fetters on his will;  
But when his royal spirit waved its crown,  
They knew the son of thunder had his Godhood  
still.

And when the earth went hot with martyr-fire,  
And heroes had to stand up firm and fall,  
They bound his body to their fagot-pyre,  
And thought the brave man's ashes was his all.  
But his great spirit shone then as the sun,  
And demon Cruelty stood with reeling eyes;  
Still lived the genius of that martyred one:  
The son of thunder never, never dies!

Once there was heard a mourning in the earth,  
And mighty bosoms heaved with silent pain;  
Cities went weeping through their halls of mirth,  
And nations poured out tears like summer rain.  
The son of thunder had gone down to dust;  
His voice might startle up the world no more:  
And yet he was not dead; for in the trust  
Of hero-hearts he lived and thundered as before.

A hundred years had gone like pageants by,  
And change had gnawed the monarch mountains  
down;

Empires had vanished, leaving scarce a sigh  
To tell the story of their old renown;

Yet had that eagle-man but mounted higher;  
The vulture Death could not devour his fame:  
Change had but lit anew his spirit's fire,  
And years, like ravens, had but fed the flame.

O, where art thou, thou Muse of mighty song?  
Have we not searched the mountain-highths for  
thee,  
Pining for lofty inspiration, long?  
And still must our high theme unhonored be?  
Low let us bow before the giant soul!  
Vainly we measure with our little span;  
Listen! the ages sing—you know the whole:  
The son of thunder is a glorious man!

## OUR HOUSEHOLD BAND.

BY ELZA.

WE gather, as in days gone by, around the parent  
hearth,  
And still from happy hearts ring out the tones of  
cheerful mirth;  
But never as our home has been may it e'er be  
again,  
Nor Time give back the parted links to bind the  
golden chain.

We miss amid our little band one voice whose mel-  
low tone  
Waked in our heart a world of bliss, but now for-  
ever flown;  
No more unto our longing gaze two cherished forms  
are given—  
One dwells beneath a stranger's roof, and one now  
lives in heaven.

One, with a bright, unshadowed brow, a buoyant  
heart and gay,  
Amid the city's busy crowd pursues his daily  
way;  
Yet, like a talisman, to bid all evil thoughts de-  
part,  
The picture of his home he wears undimmed upon  
his heart.

And she, the fair and fragile one, who seemed, e'en  
from her birth,  
An angel who had wandered down unto our sinful  
earth—  
'Tis many years since those small hands we folded  
on her breast,  
And thickly springs the soft green grass above her  
place of rest.

And often when I sadly muse upon the care and  
strife,  
The sorrows and the weariness that fill the cup of  
life,  
It seems the happiest of us all, our little band of  
seven,  
Is she whose soft and tender eyes are beaming now  
in heaven.

## A MILLERITE REMINISCENCE.

BY MRS. K. C. GARDNER.

Mr. WARREN was a young Methodist preacher, stationed, in the year 1842, in the old town of Clifton. It was his first appointment. There was probably not another station so feeble, so nearly next to nothing, in the whole conference; but the most disheartening thing about it was the blighting curse of Millerism, which overshadowed it like a pall. Those who had been bold soldiers of the cross of Christ, who had been patterns of piety, and had abounded in the work of the Lord, became the first victims of this delusion. Sweet humility gave place to self-conceit and arrogant bigotry; the simple relation of Christian experience, which had formerly made the social meetings seasons of great interest, was now scarcely heard at all; and the most ignorant employed themselves in interpreting obscure Scripture prophecies, so as to bring them within range of their pastor's comprehension. "The wise shall understand." This was their favorite text, repeated over and over with extraordinary self-complacency.

The leader of the clique was a musical genius—a bachelor about forty years old. He was not dependent upon written music for guidance in his harmonious operations, but could sing or play the bass to any tune, whether he knew it or not. True, the bass-viol upon which he played had seldom more than one string; but every Sunday he coaxed out of it a series of sounds truly amazing to the unaccustomed hearer. He was also a most useful personage in the social meetings; stepping on the toes or pulling the coat extremities of his brethren when they had prayed or exhorted long enough, thereby saving much valuable time in which to expound the prophecies. He was moreover a poet, and published at his own expense, and gratuitously distributed, a poetical exposition of the book of Daniel, complete in twenty-four lines. In the height of his benevolence, he visited the churches of the neighboring towns, and, unsolicited, deposited in each pew a veritable copy of his immortal production. But, like many other unknown geniuses, he "wasted his sweetness on the desert air." He had also a decided turn for planning. This was his forte. Generously unmindful of his own affairs, he devoted himself wholly to the work of managing the business of others, and willingly assumed the responsibility of directing the minister.

He came one day to Mr. Warren with a plan in his head in reference to the social meetings. He proposed that one evening in the week should be devoted entirely to the consideration of Scriptural holiness, and that all other subjects should be rigidly excluded. The minister gladly assented, rejoicing on any pretext to shut out Millerism. On the first evening thus set apart the bachelor made a long speech, in which—to adopt his own phraseology—he indulged the audience with "a view of

the beast that was by Daniel seen," and wound up with an astounding warning to the dwellers in "modern Babylon," as he affectionately denominated the Church of his choice. When, after the meeting was over, Mr. Warren remonstrated with him as being the first to infringe upon the new rule, he politely informed the preacher that holiness and Millerism were identical, and were only two names for the same thing.

A few mornings after the meeting, Mrs. Warren was surprised before breakfast with a call from a maiden lady, who had walked nearly two miles to inform Mr. Warren that "the Lord had sent him help if he would accept it." "Sister Warren," said she, "it is evident that the Lord has in view a great and glorious work in this sinful town; yea, the whole place will be shaken; the proud citadels of Satan are to be overthrown; that is, if brother Warren will not put forth his hand to steady the ark, but will let the Lord work in his own way." Mr. Warren was duly summoned from the study, and, after a suitable prelude of warning and exhortation, she at last revealed that a boy of twelve years of age—an inspired boy—understanding all mysteries, and able to explain in the clearest light the whole Bible, was then sound asleep at sister Blendow's, but would awaken in time to be present at the evening meeting, when, if Mr. Warren was favorable, the town of Clifton was to be immediately taken. This child was in a trance nearly the whole of the previous night, going into it at the hour when children of his age are usually lost in oblivion, and it was expected that he had received new illuminations. The musical bachelor being present was suddenly, in a moment as it were, impressed with a view of Mr. Warren, who appeared to him to stand directly in the way of a thorough work. This full-length portrait of Mr. Warren had remained so long before his mental eye that he had deputed this good sister to warn him. This pious duty being now achieved, she groaned audibly and departed.

At night a great multitude of people assembled to hear and to behold the wonderful child. It had been diligently noised abroad that a new prophet had arisen—a second Daniel. He was escorted into church by the whole Millerite host, and placed in the altar, with the musical bachelor on one side, and a coarse-looking man, who accompanied him to take charge of his temporal affairs and to get up collections for him, on the other. He was a fat, sleepy-looking boy, and, as Mrs. Warren remarked to her husband, "had eyes, and nose, and ears, and mouth like any other child." There was a striking likeness—perhaps accidental—between the boy and the man who exhibited him, causing evil-disposed persons to assert what the Millerites would scarcely allow, that the child was of earthly origin. He gaped incessantly, and appeared likely to go into another oblivious trance if the meeting lasted long. His companion nudged his elbow repeatedly as a



reminder to begin; but all in vain, for although he kept his mouth open very easily, yet, so long as nothing proceeded therefrom, how was the audience to be edified or the town of Clifton to be taken? At last the man announced that the boy so sensibly felt the presence of spirits opposed to his mission, "that he was chained, as it were, and found it impossible to proceed." So the collection was dispensed with, and the congregation dispersed.

Mr. Warren walked sadly and slowly homeward. It appeared almost like heathen sacrilege to him that the glorious doctrine of the second coming of the Lord Jesus Christ should thus be made a subject of mirth for the scoffer at religion. He mourned over the desolation thus wrought in Zion; and his cheek burned with mortification when he remembered that the ridiculous fooleries of the evening had been—in spite of his influence—tolerated and partly enacted by members of the Church of which he was pastor; for those who had no faith in the puerile notions of Miller thought it a matter of policy not to oppose their spread in community. Those who remember the great excitement of the years 1842 and 1843 will understand why the best efforts of pious and gifted ministers were powerless to stem the course of the fearful delusion. It was an epidemic more terrible in its eternal results than the dark scourge of the Asiatic cholera.

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#### LIFE'S RESOLVE—RENEWED EVERY BIRTHDAY.

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BY REV. W. A. DAVIDSON

—  
"We take no note of time  
But from its loss: to give it then a tongue  
Is wise in man." YOUNG.

—  
THE knell of every departing year warns us of the closing scenes of life's pilgrimage. It also admonishes that another twelve months of our earthly probation is gone forever; yet not forever, for it will appear again to make its revelations in the day of final retribution.

As we each one enter upon a new year of our existence, our reflections should be solemn and profitable. The record of the past is then sealed, not to be broken till the silence of the grave shall be disturbed by the voice of the Son of God. We enter upon a new year. The untrodden path of the future lies before us, and every step we take will be attended with darkness and danger. It, too, with many of us, will be the *last* year—it will end in eternity. Upon its issues, therefore, hangs the destiny of the soul—an eternity of bliss or an eternity of woe. How important, then, that we enter upon it aright—that we appreciate our privileges, realize our responsibilities, and fully gird ourselves for the battle of life!

We ought to resolve, with the blessing of God,  
1. To be wiser; to know more of every thing—of

ourselves, of nature, and of God; to have a more comprehensive view and vivid sense of our various and multiplied relations and duties; to measure, if possible, the capabilities and powers with which an all-wise Creator has invested us, and then strive to develop them to the full stature of intellectual manhood.

We do not yet fully know our strength. There are within us the elements of intellectual giants—power to evolve truth, to demonstrate principles, and then turn them to the advantage and progress of the race, of which we are not conscious. Of this the developments of a few late years afford ample proof. Dare he who, with his majestic vessel, plows the mighty deep by the force of the steam of its own waters, who darts over the earth with the velocity of an eagle, and sends his messages on the wings of the lightning—dare he set a boundary to the human intellect? No, verily! Intellectually, man is but in his chrysalis state; his full development is in the far-off future.

And he yet stands but on the threshold of the temple of science. Within are beauties not yet seen by mortal eyes, and on its walls are inscribed truths yet unread. Let us not be afraid to enter. Let us, if possible, like Daniel, be the first to read the inscription.

But not to digress. We see here a nice adaptation. God has given the human intellect the power of endless progression, and for its gratification has furnished a temple so spacious, and of so many apartments, that not only time, but eternity will be inadequate to its fullest examination.

How vain, then, the idle thought of some, that all is known that can be known! Had the world believed this it might have stood still a thousand years ago. All known that can be known! Not yet. In physics and metaphysics, in philosophy and theology, there are sealed fountains of truth, whose waters, when touched, will leap up clear as crystal. Let us unseal these fountains as soon as possible, that their waters may not only slake our own thirst, but freshen and gladden the whole earth.

We ought to resolve, 2. To be better—not in a limited, but in the widest sense of the word; not in part, but in whole—better citizens, better Christians, better husbands, and better wives: in a word, better in all the relations of life. In order to this the heart must be cultivated; for "out of it," says the Bible, "are the issues of life." And as the stream will be impure unless the fountain is pure, so will man's life unless the heart be right. The heart and the intellect should always keep pace, otherwise there will be deformity and ruin. We may, in one sense, be intellectual giants, and, at the same time, moral dwarfs. Such are many infidels. Like Hume and Voltaire, we may dazzle in a world of letters, and yet breathe through the earth a moral pestilence. Intellectual power without moral goodness is unsafe; but properly blend them, and you have a man or an angel. Let us,

then, seek a baptism from on high. And when the pollutions and evils of our hearts are washed away in the blood of the Lamb, and our souls deeply imbued with the fear and love of God, then shall we be *better*, indeed—better in the estimation of God himself—and prepared to dispense, like the sun, light and happiness all around us.

But we should resolve, 3. To be more useful. Becoming wiser and better we shall be more fully qualified for this. And surely a wide field opens before us. Wherever we go the poor and the miserable stare us in the face. Their bodies are perishing for food and raiment, and their souls for lack of knowledge. They plead for alms.

The whole world is now one great battle-field. Truth and Error, "Right and Might," are at swords' points, and from every direction comes the Macedonian cry. Suffering humanity is everywhere pleading for deliverance, while thrones and dynasties are beginning to tremble at the onward tread of a better civilization. The dark corners of the earth begin to see the light from afar, and bid the heralds of the cross approach.

Lift up your eyes—behold the scene! The embattled hosts of the Lord are on the field. The empire of darkness is receding before their onward march. Freedom sounds her clarion, and the shackled millions of earth feel their manhood. Truth and Right are weaving for themselves the wreath of universal victory.

Shall we not join the conquering hosts? To us especially, as a nation, the eyes of the world are now turned. We stand as a light-house to all the tempest-tossed nations of the earth. To us, too, they look for help. Let us not withhold it. While we lift our prayers in their behalf to the Lord of hosts, let us send them the everlasting Gospel. 'Tis this they need. In it is not only their spiritual but their political salvation. Let them have it. But that they may we must pour our individual offerings—constantly increasing—into the treasury of the Lord. Thus we shall give wings to the Bible and feet to the heralds of the cross, till the apocalyptic vision is realized, and angels join in the jubilee of a world's redemption.

#### A BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATION.

HAVE we never sailed upon the waters, and, looking behind us, seen the waves bright and glittering in the sunshine; and before us and seen them veiled in the deep gray of evening? Did we think the sunshine terminated exactly where we stood? It seemed so; but when we had gone farther it seemed so still; and still the same as we proceeded onward. Such is our position in the course of Divine revelation. As it passes it becomes clear and simple to the plainest understanding—that which is to come is only obscured because our vision receives not the light, the full and clear light, which is upon it.—*Caroline Fry.*

#### THE ELOQUENCE OF WOMAN.

BY WILLIAM H. BARNES.

EARNEST and powerful are the words of a true-hearted woman. When aroused by the call of duty or sympathy, she can do great deeds and speak deep-meaning words. Then her noble thoughts come forth clad in the simple language of nature. Her tearful eye and sweet-toned voice, employed in behalf of those she loves, have melted the stout hearts of war-worn veterans, and moved kings to deeds of mercy.

When the fire of religious love burns upon woman's heart, it does not expire with a transient blaze, but flashes up in perpetual brightness toward heaven. The words of prayer and praise which she then utters are the warm emanations from her heart of love. Miriam the prophetess stood upon the shore of the Red Sea and sang the praises of the delivering God. Never before had words so eloquent echoed among the wild mountains.

Good news, when borne upon a glad and sweet-toned voice, is the truest eloquence. Never was mortal permitted to bear tidings more glorious than the news which Mary bore to the desponding disciples, "Jesus is risen from the dead!" The eloquence of these simple words moved men and angels.

The strangest eloquence which the world has ever heard has fallen from woman's tongue. Historians have recorded some of her burning words which will make their volumes brilliant forever. The pages in which such eloquence is enshrined will ever be

"The Tempean vales, the Palestines,  
The Meccas of the mind."

Thither human nature will in every age make pilgrimages, bearing the tears and sympathies of the warm-hearted of every nation.

The most thrilling incident in English history occurred just prior to the expected invasion by the Invincible Armada, when Queen Elizabeth rode among the troops at Filburg, and spoke words which inspired the veterans with enthusiasm for their Queen and country. In the excitement of that hour they could have faced the death-storm and overran empires.

But woman's voice was not made harsh and strong that she might command armies and sway senates. Her sweet voice may not be heard above the strife and discord of contending factions. The *best* of the daughters of Eve are well described by Shakspeare—

"Slow of speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers."

The world may not hear them, yet they *do* speak words of unearthly eloquence. If permitted to visit their quiet firesides, you might hear words that would linger upon your memory forever.

The youth of our land compose a vast auditory,

assembled in the ten thousand beautiful cottages that crown the hill-tops and nestle in the valleys of America. They are favored above every other audience ever congregated upon earth. They listen to the eloquence which gushes from a loving heart, while most assemblies of the world are addressed by the cold-hearted sons of policy. The mother feels an interest in those before her such as Demosthenes never felt in those who listened to his thunders. The tendrils of her soul's affection are entwined about the very lives of those to whom she speaks. The orator is eloquent in proportion to the importance of the occasion which calls him forth. Surely the mother has motives which should arouse the mightiest energies of the human soul. Under such circumstances woman has spoken words that angels would not blush to utter—sounds which will be ringing in the ear of the hearer through youth, manhood, and hoary age.

The words which the true-hearted mother speaks to her child are never forgotten. The dust of years may gather upon the earlier pages of the heart's history, and obscure the words there written, yet the harsh winds of after life will blow the dust away, and the lines will stand forth well defined as in the golden light of childhood.

Those who have stood around the couch of the dying mother have been permitted to hear words of such deep import as are never spoken in the ordinary walks of life. When the mother is about to exchange earth for heaven, her heart goes out in anxiety for the loved ones which she leaves behind. As she places her pale hand upon the head of her fair-haired boy, her eye is endowed with prophetic vision, and she sees the whole journey before him—the barriers to be passed and the battles to be fought. She hears the gathering storm and the pitiless tempest beating upon him. Tears gather in her eye and her pale lip trembles when she says, "Trust in God; he will defend you!" That son can never forget the words spoken by his mother when dying. He may forget the haunts of his childhood and the friends of his early youth; he may be an outcast and a wanderer in the earth; yet there are times when thronging memories come trooping upon the soul. In the time of trouble, when no friendly eye looks upon him, and he thinks himself deserted by men, he feels that pale hand upon his head and hears the eloquent voice, "Trust in God; he will defend you!"

The pompous words of the noisy orator and fulminating declaimer die away upon the empty air, but the voice of the mother forever echoes through the corridors of the soul. Sometimes other and baser sounds well-nigh drown the heavenly melody; yet they soon are silent, and the sweet-toned voice still dwells upon the air—a "joy forever."

Were the true history written of the orators who have swayed mankind, and the poets who have blessed the world, it would be found that they only knew better than other men how to give utterance to the thoughts which have been their compan-

ions from childhood. They are men of genius, for they can give expression to the heart-born thoughts first started by a mother's voice, and this makes them immortal.

## THE TRUE AIM OF LIFE.

BY REV. GEORGE L. LITTLE, A. M.

To one just entering upon the duties of active life no question can be more important than, For what purpose was I created? what is the great object to which my future life should be devoted? This question should be satisfactorily settled before a single step is taken into the future. No one should go forth single-handed and alone into the broad battle-field of life without having a just conception of what he is designed to accomplish. And yet how many enter upon life with no definite object in view! Fired with youthful enthusiasm and impelled by the ardor of their feelings, they take upon themselves its solemn responsibilities, knowing but little of the stern reality that awaits them. Momentary success may attend their efforts, and inspire them with the most glowing hopes for the future; but soon, alas! the dream of their imaginations gives place to the sober convictions of reason, the bubbles that amused them vanish, and they find themselves grasped by the stern hand of reality. Their hopes are disappointed, and life henceforth is to them a weary pilgrimage. And why is this? Why is it that so many never realize in the experience of after life all that they had hoped for in youth? Is it not because they then formed a wrong ideal of human life, of its bitter trials and solemn responsibilities?

Life was not given merely for amusement or momentary pastime; and he who has no loftier aim in view than the enjoyment of the passing hour need not complain if he end his days in bitter disappointment. How low and groveling must that life be that is wholly given up to present gratification! How it debases the angelic and divine of our nature and elevates the brutal! The aim of life must be higher, nobler, more important. Neither is it to seek for the honors or adulations of men. To have nothing in view but the praises of men, and to direct all our efforts to secure the emoluments of the world, is to prostitute our noblest powers, and not unfrequently to frustrate the very end to which we would attain. Fame is a selfish passion, and selfishness is its own destroyer. Those who strive most fiercely for the meed of honor but seldom meet with success. Of all who run the gauntlet of fame, how few are crowned victors! Fame is a capricious goddess, and

"Whom she praises to-day,  
Vexing his ear with acclamations loud,  
And roaring round him with a thousand tongues,  
To-morrow she may blame and hiss from sight."

Such will ever be the experience of those who "love the praises of men more than the praises of God."

Nor yet is the aim of life a sordid devotion to the acquisition of wealth. Many live for no other end than "to buy and sell, and get gain." Wealth is the great object to which they direct their efforts—the great idol which they worship with the sincerest devotion. But

"Can wealth give happiness? look round and see  
What gay distress! what splendid misery!  
Whatever fortune lavishly can pour  
The mind annihilates and calls for more."

Wealth has its uses, but it has also its abuses. It may be the *means* of promoting personal happiness and social prosperity; but when accumulated as an *end*, and hoarded up for its own sake, it must ever be pernicious in its influence. How lamentable to see men, like Girard or Astor, devoting every energy of their entire lives to the acquisition of treasure, denying themselves even the ordinary comforts of life, and closing their hearts against the most urgent appeals of charity, that they may leave behind them millions to be squandered by prodigal heirs or heartless executors. Better, far better, is the golden mean of Agur's prayer: "Give me neither poverty nor riches."

The true aim of life is to do good—to live so that our lives may be a blessing to others. This is an object to which all may attain—a race in which all who run may win. In every pursuit and calling of life this high aim may be kept in view. For whatever sphere of effort the talents of any individual may best fit him, in that may he lead a life of usefulness, spreading joy, and truth, and happiness around him wherever he moves. This will give to human life a unity—an all-pervading purpose that will run like a golden thread through every action, giving harmony and completeness to the whole. Time thus spent will glide pleasantly by, and leave behind the sweet consciousness of

"Duties well performed and days well spent."

It is narrated in the *Life of Cowper* that, being oppressed with melancholy, and life appearing to him aimless and cheerless, he attempted to commit suicide; but while in the very act he was suddenly surprised by a poor child, who asked alms at his hands. This simple act of a begging child opened up to him the true sphere of life. It showed him that his life was still valuable, and that there was still open to him a path in which he might find true happiness and enjoy the luxury of doing good.

Reader! would you secure the true end of life, employ it in the service of mankind. Aim at being useful in your own sphere, however humble or contracted it may be;

"Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;  
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;"

labor by kindly words or charitable deeds for the

welfare of others, for the good of society, for the prosperity of the common family of man. Let your influence, your example, and your efforts all be directed to this end, and your days will be crowned with blessings, and you will descend to your long resting-place without a tear.

#### THE BY-PATHS OF LITERATURE.

—  
JOHN KEATS.

—  
BY J. H. BAKER.

"I FEEL," said the dying Keats, "the daisies growing over me." It was a beautiful expression for a dying poet, who was not yet in the full prime of his manhood, and who was possessed of a delicate and fragile genius, that had been invoked to utterance by the beautiful mythology of Greece. With a modesty as delicate as the dear "daisies" of his grave, he had gathered his first fresh flowers, and, tremblingly entering the temple, had lain his votive *Endymion* upon the altar. He timidly told the butcher-critics to be merciful, for there was "no fiercer hell for a man than a failure in a great object." But they spoke such daggers as went home to his too sensitive heart. The savage criticisms of the *Quarterly Review* produced the most violent effect on his sensitive mind, and terminated in the rupture of a bloodvessel in the lungs. Consumption ensued. They attempted to palliate his condition by kinder critiques. But it was too late; the fatal barb had sunk too deep in his heart to be withdrawn by the most refined skill. Their paper bullets had done the bloodless deed. He wandered over into Italy, to Naples, and thence to Rome, where he died, in the twenty-fourth year of his age, in the year 1820, and was buried under the pyramid which is the tomb of Cestius, amid the mournful ruins of the wall of the city of the Cæsars. It was a place covered in winter with violets and daisies; and Shelly says, "that it might make one in love with death to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place." Little did he think how soon the urn that contained his own ashes would be deposited by the side of his dear *Adonis*.

Keats was one of the self-taught poets, of the most ardent imagination and delicate sensibilities. He was one from the people. He was born in the house of his grandfather, at London, who kept a livery stable at Moorfields, and was educated at Enfield. In his fifteenth year he was apprenticed to a surgeon. What predilections he may have had for the chirurgical art is not manifest. But he soon transferred his devotion from the shrine of *Æsculapius* to that of the Muses; and even during the term of his apprenticeship he wrote a literal translation of Virgil's *Æniad*, and also attained to some knowledge of Greek and Italian. In the



twenty-second year of his age he published his *Endymion*, a *Poetic Romance*, which is the first and longest of his works. It is characterized by redolence of fancy and boldness of imagination; but there is in it a carelessness of style and a want of judgment in throwing his prolific forms of beauty into chaste poetic proportion. He was fresh from the fields of Grecian mythology, and, burning with its beauty and laden with its flowers, he wrought his pictures in too glowing colors to meet the demands of classic simplicity. The ultimate effect of these studies was not yet apparent in subduing his fiery imagination to the control of reason. The chaste elegance of the Grecian verse should have softened the fervor of his fiery Pegasus. The loveliest Grecian statues are those most expressive of sweetness and repose. There is rhetoric in this as in poetry. Their pictures were soft as the sky of their southern clime. The *idyls* of Theocritus were simple and faithful; Virgil wrought his *Eclogues* in the same pure strain; and the Faithful Shepherdess of Fletcher was faithful to the same classic simplicity. Their imagination was subordinate to reason. But Keats, in the warmth of his youth and the fervor of his mythological devotion, overleaped the beauty he worshiped and would fain have imitated. *Endymion* is like a wanton page to the *Arcades* and *Comus* of Milton. With all its faults, it is filled with flashes of sunlight, touches of pathos, and lines we ever love to remember; and here is one of them:

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

That it was open, in some degree, to the castigations of criticism is too apparent; but that this castigation was made savage and barbarous by political prejudice, and by the peculiar views of different schools of poetry, is equally well known. There were no faults in it of sufficient magnitude to justify them in murdering Keats; and the plenitude of its beauties should have smiled them into kindness, and turned aside the dart of death.

His heart was broken; but, dying as he was, he continued his studies, and in 1820—the year of his death—issued his second and last volume, containing *Lamia*, *Isabella*, the *Eve of St. Agnes*, and the fragment of *Hyperion*,

"That large utterance of the early gods."

Lamb was delighted with the work. Leigh Hunt said that there were passages "for which Persian kings would have filled a poet's mouth with gold." Shelly said that he considered the "fragment of *Hyperion* as second to nothing that was ever produced by a writer of the same age." When Shelly's body was found on the coast of the Bay of Spezia, this last volume of Keats was found open in his coat-pocket. He had probably just been reading it, when the untimely storm swept his strange and erratic spirit beyond the reach of the miseries which oppressed him here, but opened his vision on a miserable eternity. What more he thought of

Keats let his *Adonis* speak. Never was genius so embalmed by kindred genius. How vain a thing is marble compared to such a monument of intellectual beauty, that shall outlive all the cenotaphs of the world! Byron thought that the death of Keats was a loss to our literature, and said, "His fragment of '*Hyperion*' seems actually inspired by Titans, and is as sublime as *Æschylus*." By the way of interlude, we may here introduce what he wittily says, in his *Don Juan*, respecting the death of the young poet:

"'Tis strange the mind, that very fiery particle,  
Should permit itself to be snuff'd out by an article."

Walter Scott confessed to Mr. Severn—who was the friend of Keats, and who watched with him to his latest hour, and was the heir to all he left behind—that the truth respecting his fame had triumphed; and Christopher North, at the last, "stretched out his large and warm hand to his memory."

Such was the opinion of his great cotemporaries. But the verdict came too late to save the youthful poet from his early grave. He was as a night-blooming cereus, whose beauty had blushed and died before the morning dawned. During an interval of more than thirty years the warm suns of Italy have been smiling upon his grave. The "daisies" have come and gone, and he sleeps, all unconscious that his poems are immortal. A little before he died he made this touching remark respecting his epitaph: "If any," he said, "were put over him, he wished it to consist of these simple words, '*Here lies one whose name was writ in water.*'"

Keats was a true poet. He had that creative fancy which, had he been spared longer, would have borne him into higher regions than his spirit had ever yet found. His promise was that of the spring; no summer had matured his mind, nor autumn smiled upon his yellow sheaves. He was feverish with an ambition for poetic glory; but the frosts found him at the foot of Parnassus. It is said that toward the end of his life his passions were exceedingly violent, and this violence increased as his physical strength declined. They had goaded his sensitive mind into a fury he could not or would not control. His eyes were dark; swimming with sensation, and often suffused with tears. His brown hair hung in a profusion of natural ringlets. His head was exceedingly small—a characteristic in common with Byron and Shelly. As a poet, he was classed in the school of Hood and Leigh Hunt; though very unlike the former, who had qualities peculiarly his own, in the ringing laughter of his mirth and the deep-toned pathos of his humanity. He had the fine imagination and brilliant fancy of the latter, without his egotism, but wanting much of his better judgment. This was the Cockney School, so called from some quaintness and affectation in style and manner. In much he resembles Alfred Tennyson, with his feminine weakness and imaginative power. Their fingers touch every key in the diaphanon, from the most

solemn scenes of colossal grandeur to the silver whisper of an Æolian harp. They have the same mannerism of style. But the early promise of Tennyson may not be compared to that of Keats. But he has lived longer and fared better. Though he has much of the shrinking, sensitive, and morbid nature of Keats, yet his retired and dreamy life and his growing fame places him under the milder influence of the L'Allegro; while Keats, dowered with the misery of a broken heart, and cheated of his burning hope of an undying fame, went down in the night of a starless sky. When Tennyson's first book of poems was treated harshly by the critics, he retorted by writing a second, which was worse. When Keats was handled to the death for his first wooings of the Muse, he responded, like a dying swan, in such strains of melody, as must have brought tears to the eyes of those who slew him because he sung well, but not wisely.

It is but seldom we see Keats's little volume of poems. As Kirk White, he is known more by his untimely death, and sympathy for the cause of it, than from any knowledge of his writings. We would not exchange our little volume for the writings of any poet of an equal age. Where will you find a fairer picture, in the more accustomed walks of literature, than that of Lady Madeline at her devotions in the Eve of St. Agnes? A Madonna at vespers, fit for the pencil of Michael Angelo! The soft, white light of the moon embraced her praying, and kissed the "silver cross" that rose and fell with the tumult of her devotions—a "splendid angel," with her clasped hands, like the incarnation of a thought from heaven! Commit us to the prayers of a devout woman, kneeling with a pure heart before the throne of the Eternal! What statuesque beauty and classic expression have we in the picture of Saturn and Thea! The old god, driven out from his ancient realms, unsceptered and alone in the weary silence, breathing out the sorrows of his cleft heart, while his ancient mother—Thea—comes to comfort him! There is as much more solemnity and majesty in the scene than that of Marius among the ruins of Carthage, as gods may be considered greater than men. It is a pity for the fame of Keats that this Titanic fragment of his genius was never completed. We receive it as the worthiest herald of his power; approbate the verdict of his fair fame, which is sanctified by thirty-three years of time; drop a tear over his Italian grave; and would fain add this humble tribute to the memory of John Keats.

#### CHRISTIAN CONTENTMENT.

THAT lovely bird of Paradise—*Christian contentment*—can sit and sing in a cage of affliction and confinement, or fly at liberty through the vast expanse, with almost equal firmness and satisfaction; while "even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight," is the *chief* note in its celestial song.

#### A DREAM OF THE REALITY.

BY JOHN T. SWARTZ.

Uron a lovely summer's eve, beneath  
A spreading chestnut-tree, I lay and watched,  
In idleness, the glorious orb of day  
Sinking to rest upon his couch of clouds,  
That seemed of molten ruby mixed with gold.  
He sunk to rest; he shut his fiery eye  
And veil'd his glowing face; the dews of night  
Fell fast around me; still, spell-bound, I lay,  
Forgetting all of earth. I slept; I dreamed.  
Methought 'twas morn: above yon craggy height  
Appear'd an eagle, mounting tow'rd the sun  
In ever-rising circles; on, still on,  
He sped his fearless course, his dauntless eye  
Fixed on the sun; while, ever and anon,  
His shrill and piercing scream fell on my ear;  
Ringing in wild, fierce melody, it seem'd  
To say, "Still higher! ever higher!" Then  
Looking again, I saw the rising lark,  
Almost invisible amid the rays  
Of Phœbus. Hark! his song of triumph now  
Thrills through the deep recesses of the heart,  
And "higher, higher, ever higher!" seems  
To be the burden of his lay.

Once more  
I looked, and, lo! I saw *myself*, as at  
The base of a high hill I stood, and marked  
How steep and rugged were its rocky sides;  
And dark beneath me was a black ravine,  
Up whose rough sides there toil'd a multitude  
Of men and women, and above they climb'd;  
Yet stood I idly there, though 'neath my feet  
And down the deep ravine I felt that I  
Was sliding, slow but steadily. A voice  
That sounded like the eagle's scream said, "Higher!"  
I roused my powers, and, toiling upward, soon  
I distanced far those who before above  
Had stood. I labor'd on, toil'd ever on,  
Till now, elate with foolish pride, I turned  
A supercilious look on those who far  
Beneath me toiled. My swimming brain  
Grew dizzy, and again I felt that I  
Was sinking. Then I heard another voice  
That like the lark's shrill music said, "Look up!  
And fix thine eye upon the sun! Press higher!"

I woke, and, lo! the sun again shone forth,  
And high amid his beams the eagle soar'd,  
Still screaming "higher!" and the morning lark  
Was higher, higher rising. Then I rose,  
And said within myself, mine was a dream  
Of life's reality.

Thus let me press  
My course "still higher," and still keep my eye  
Fixed on the Sun of righteousness, till in  
His bosom I my weary soul may rest,  
Assured her flight can reach no higher place.  
*Woodward High School.*

## WRANGELL'S SIBERIAN AND POLAR EXPEDITION.\*

BY REV. T. M. EDDY.

North-West passage—Pioneer adventurers—Russia roused up—Wrangell's corps—Convenience of despotism—Poetic title—Southern Liberia—A veteran explorer—Flat-boat—Russian Fair—Hard roads—Postillions—First bivouac—Jakuti—A landscape—Father Michael—Sour-kroot—Headquarters—Plenty of light—Darkness—Starvation—Birds—Go a fishing?—Dogs! Montagues and Capulets—Fancy travel—Cool weather—Costume—What they saw—Land ho! Optical illusion—A good pair of eyes—The Gospel needed—Land trip—Draw the net—Over the mountains—Jakutsk—Lieutenant Anjou—Settling up—Hot springs—Home—Great Bear decent for once.

AMONG the hardy adventurers who have endeavored to force a passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific around the Pole, thereby opening a new route to China and the Indies from Europe, Lieutenant Ferdinand Wrangell deserves honorable mention with Behring, Parry, and Franklin. To perfect European Polar geography, he spent three years in exploration, driving out in sledges, drawn by dogs, among the hummocks and floes of the Polar Sea; traversed a region almost unknown, crossed by more than fifty degrees of longitude. In this day, when so much solicitude is felt for the brave Sir John Franklin, and the world is ringing with the news of the North-West passage made by the fortunate Commander McClure, let us accompany one of the pioneers in Arctic discovery.

Up to 1820 the geography of the Polar coast, from Cape Schelagskoj—or Erri—to Cape North, remained almost a blank. There had been partial explorations, but the maps and charts differed in the location of important points a degree and half of latitude. While this large extent of Russian coast remained unknown, the voyages of Parry and Franklin had led to the most exact description of the northern coast of America.

This aroused Russian spirit. They did not feel willing to be "counted out" of the world while filling so much of it. The Emperor Alexander ordered two expeditions to be fitted out, each under the control of a competent officer of the Imperial navy, and attended with a corps of scientific and medical assistants. Lieutenant Von Wrangell was assigned the lead of one of the companies. His orders from the Admiralty stated that it was impossible to navigate the Polar Ocean, even in mid-summer, owing to the immense quantities of drift ice. On the other hand, Andrejew in 1763, Hendenström and Pschenizyn in 1809, 1810, and 1811, had driven over the ice in sledges drawn by Siberian dogs; the former having surveyed Bear Islands, and the latter the Lachow Islands and New Siberia. Following their example, he was to survey the coast eastwardly, from the mouth of the Kolyma to Cape Schelagskoj, and from thence, going northward, ascertain if, far out amid those ice-fields, there

existed an inhabited country, as was testified by the "Tschutkschi"—"Phœbus, what a name!"—who professed to have seen it in their wanderings.

Some convenient things do grow out of the despotism of Russia. The Privy Council ordered the various public offices to arrange for the reception, sustenance, and progress of the expedition, and it was done. Men take great interest in public matters when prompted thereto by the *knout* or a prospect of a home in Siberia. Being "duly and truly prepared," he left St. Petersburg on the 23d of March, 1820.

The expedition experienced much difficulty in crossing the Ural chain, or "Stony Girdle," as the inhabitants poetically termed it. Safely down from its dizzy heights, they entered Siberia proper. This country, so universally associated with unbroken winter, desolate wilderness, and a population of hardened criminals and political exiles, they found, on its southern border, a land of luxuriant vegetation, well-tilled fields, good roads, and fine villages.

May 18th they reached Irkuzk, where Lieutenant Wrangell reported himself to the Governor-General of Siberia, and completed his arrangements for ulterior proceedings. At the request of his fur-clad Excellency, the veteran explorer—M. Hedenström—met the Lieutenant at this point, and furnished him much valuable information concerning the Polar Sea and its islands, the climate, mode of travel, necessary supplies, etc.

Leaving Irkuzk, they journeyed to Katschuga, on the river Lena, where they found a large "flat-boat" prepared by the Admiralty, and filled with Government stores for their use. In this *craft* they floated slowly down the magnificent river. The Lieutenant modestly hints that steamers could have played to great advantage on those inland waters, and gently insinuates that, even at that early day, his ponderous, truck-wheeled Government had fallen behind the times, and was "running the slow line."

On the 25th of July they reached Jakuzk, distant from the place of embarkation twenty-five hundred versts.\* Here they found, indeed, the *dreary north*. All that hinted the presence of summer was the absence of snow. This town was the center of the interior trade of Siberia. The Russian merchants had established an annual fair, which was a time of great activity. The "Jakuti"—native inhabitants—bring in, during their short summer of ten weeks, sables, walrus teeth, mammoth bones, etc., which they exchange with the merchants for their goods.

At this place ended *regular traveling*. To public highways and "Government vessels" they were to bid farewell. Henceforth through northern Siberia they were to wind along horse or foot-paths, through morasses and tangled woods, over mountain summits, and through deep ravines. Their travel was,

\* Narrative of an Expedition to the Polar Sea in the years 1820, 1821, 1822, and 1823, commanded by Lieutenant, now Admiral, Ferdinand Wrangell, of the Russian Imperial Navy. Harper & Brothers, New York.

\* "A verst is about two-thirds of a statute mile, or, more exactly, one hundred and four versts equal to sixty miles." The reader can reduce the versts to miles—I have no taste for fractions.

indeed, *adventure*. The post stations, where they were to be found, were distant from each other from fifteen to forty wersts. At the first of these the regular campaign began. They had a string of ten horses, managed by two postillions; each horse carried about five and a half pood.\* They were fastened together in a line, the bridle of each being tied to the tail of "his predecessor;" one of the postillions riding the leader, the other the rear guard. Sometimes one postillion will take charge of twenty-eight horses, and bring them in safely, despite their sticking in the morass and rolling off their burdens among the rocks. At the close of this day M. Wrangell spent the first night in the open air, bivouacking under some larch-trees, with a bear-skin for a mattress, a covering of furs, and a blazing fire built near by, which altogether enabled him to pass a comfortable night. The next morning was clear and frosty, and he found twenty-eight degrees Fahrenheit rather cool for *toilette* purposes, and shuddered to think what awaited him in the coming winter, when the natives would consider several degrees below zero as warm weather!

For a number of days they were passing through the Jakuti, a pastoral people of Tartar origin, supported by their heads of cattle and the proceeds of furs gathered in the Siberian forests. They had few laws; they dwelt, not in communities, but in separate families. Many of them had been baptized; but apart from that, and the fact that at baptism they received a present, they knew nothing of the nature nor ordinances of Christianity. They were unsocial, litigious, and vindictive, and transmitted their unsettled feuds, as part of their legacy, to their children.

Onward still toward the cold north they pressed their way. They passed through a desolate country, where every step was wildly romantic. But we must cross whole provinces at a bound, if we see them safely on the Arctic Ocean. Passing the range of mountains dividing the Lena and Jana valleys, they reached the summit—twenty-one hundred feet above the level of the Tukan river, which they had just crossed; and here a wild scene met their gaze. The sky was cloudless, and had all the intense blue of an Arctic region; the ice-coated rocks sparkled like diamonds in the strong sunlight; while below them, away toward the cold north star, spread out the valley of the Jana, opening into the Polar Sea; and southward, as if to hide the last token of summer, the last memory of more genial climes, bluff rocky barriers shut in the prospect. They were entering a realm gloomy as the shadow of death. Even in the midst of the summer months the thermometer ranged from—four to twenty-one degrees.

Amid these perpetual snows he found, in the village of Saschiwersk, a venerable priest of the Greek Church, known far and wide as "Father Michael." He was eighty-seven years of age, and

had passed sixty years in the same neighborhood, during which time he baptized fifteen hundred of the tribes of Jakuti, Tungusi, and Jukahiri; and, according to Wrangell's testimony, many of them had really learned the leading doctrines of the Gospel, and exhibited their power in the manifest improvement of their lives. Old as was this venerable man, he still rode annually over Siberian roads and through Siberian tempests more than two thousand wersts, baptizing the children of his flock, and acting as teacher, adviser, friend, and physician. But it was not the old priest's *piety* alone which commended him to the esteem of the adventurers. He welcomed them to his humble home, and, in addition to "rest, and roof, and fire," he placed before them, to their "unbounded pleasure," "the national dishes, sour-kroust, soup, and fresh-baked rye-bread." Is it a wonder they retained a *savory* recollection of the dear old patriarch of the Jana?

From thence to the Kolyma the route was increasingly difficult, and with a temperature ranging from nine to thirty-three degrees, but, as it was along a line of post-houses, was not so dangerous. On the 2d of November they reached Nishne—Lower—Kolymsk, which was the first point of destination, and, according to the Admiralty orders, was to be their "headquarters" for three years. When they reached it, they had journeyed two hundred and twenty-four days and eleven thousand wersts, and they found a "bracing temperature" of forty degrees.

Let us halt with our travelers, take a look at their quarters, and watch their preparations for the big sleigh-ride over the frozen sea. There is a fine chance to see, for the sun remains for fifty days above the horizon; but this is atoned for by a night of the same length. To get the position of the company, take your map, and make a dot at latitude sixty-eight degrees and thirty-two minutes, and longitude one hundred and sixty degrees and thirty-five minutes, and you have the location of Nishne Kolymsk. It was surrounded by a low marsh; wild reedy grass and dwarfed bushes were the representatives of the vegetable kingdom. The river Kolyma at this place is several wersts in breadth, but is frozen most of the year. Endless snows and ice-rocks bound the horizon. The atmosphere is a compound of the ordinary gases mingled with continual sea-fog, or, rather, the fog is slightly mingled with common air. Life is a ceaseless struggle with privation. The wandering tribes were attracted to the place and region round about by the abundance of game and fish. These frequently fail, and intense suffering succeeds. The spring is the most trying season. The provisions gathered in the summer and autumn have disappeared. The fish have not ascended from their winter homes; but, in anticipation of that event, the tribes begin to gather. Leaving their rude huts, they pitch others, ruder still, on the river banks or at the mouths of the smaller streams. They may then be seen gliding about, pale and wan, looking like ghostly spirits without ability even to *rap*. The inhabitants can not relieve them, as their own condition

\* A pood is forty Russian, or thirty-six avoirdupois pounds.



is barely more tolerable. The dogs are so much enfeebled by loss of food that they can no longer chase the wild reindeer and elk over the *nast* or melting ice. Three dreadful springs did the Lieutenant witness this suffering, which he was powerless to relieve. At times, in their dire extremity, when hope is nearly extinct, relief comes. Large flocks of birds appear; wild geese, ptarmigans, ducks, come in clouds. All is at once in motion. Slaughter, in every form, goes on. All ages, sexes, conditions, join in the butchery.

The extensive fishery is the "staff of life" to the inhabitants. They—the fish, not the inhabitants—are caught in quantities sufficient to stagger our credulity. They are stored away, prepared in various forms—some for the household, and large numbers for the dogs. The fishing season is their harvest, and woe betide him whom indisposition or indolence detains from the fishing-ground—he shall want in spring, and have not.

A rustic observatory was soon erected, and the instruments properly enshrined; altitude, latitude, longitude, dip, and inclination duly calculated and recorded for the benefit of posterity. Then came the laying in of provisions, the securing of sledges and drivers, and general preparations for the long tours on the ice.

An important item in such preparations is the canine item. The dog is the animal of the Arctic regions. This faithful slave of man seems a native of all climes and latitudes. In the south he lives on bananas, in the north on fish. He is the guard, the hunter, the *motor* of those people. He resembles the wolf in his appearance and bark. The training of dogs for draught and the proper selection of teams for a long journey are *material* points. A team consists of twelve. The best trained and most sagacious is "the leader," and upon his docility and faithfulness much depends. A team, yielding to their instincts, will occasionally start at full speed on the trail of the white bear or reindeer. More than once was Wrangell's life thus endangered—the dogs going wildly off among hummocks and flocs. At such times the well-trained leader is invaluable. He uses every means to prevent the team from leaving the track. Sometimes he will wheel around, and pretend to have found a new trail, and thus divert the dogs and break the scent. And when the guide has lost his way, or is benumbed by the cold, the instinct of the leader guides him safely to the station, if he has ever been there; and if not, he can follow the dim, almost obliterated path, and shuns intuitively weak or rotten ice. While a team is training for a long trip, they must be accustomed to draw together. A strong clanish feeling pervades the teams. They fight for their true trace-fellows, but between the rival teams as fierce feuds prevail as between the Montagues and Capulets. They are carefully fed, and driven a few wersts daily, preparatory to a campaign. When fully prepared, they travel daily one hundred and fifty wersts. The most alarming calamity

which can befall a Siberian community is a malady among the dogs. Sometimes it comes and sweeps off all within many wersts. Poverty and suffering ensue. The reindeer hunts amount to nothing. The men must carry fuel for the long winter, and, therefore, neglect the fishery.

Three months were spent in preparation. On the 19th of February they set out; and with their sledges, both for the travelers and provisions, their reindeer tent and astronomical instruments, they left *terra firma*, and entered the sea. A vast extent of coast, a number of islands—some as distant as New Siberia—were to be minutely examined, and the new land of which they had heard to be searched. It was no fancy travel for the benefit of health; no pleasure jaunt, whirling along in lightning trains or sailing almost as rapidly on floating palaces.

At convenient points depots of provisions were made on the ice of the drifted larch-trees, and covered with snow. If these were found by the bears or wolverines, the lives of the company might be the penalty. More than once they reached them in the last extremity.

The cold was intense. A temperature of fifty-eight degrees below zero is very decidedly tingling. Often the thermometer stood more than sixty degrees below zero. The hardy reindeer sought the shelter of the forests, or crowded as closely as possible together and remained motionless. The dark raven, as he cut the air in his flight, left behind him a long line of thin vapor, his wake through the atmosphere. The trunks of large trees were rent asunder with sounds like the booming signal-gun at sea; massy rocks were thrown from their ancient homes; and in the valleys the ground was rent in yawning fissures, through which the water sprang up, throwing off a cloud of vapor which was instantly converted into ice. Imagine such a temperature on an open sea of ice, with nothing to "break off" the wind but icebergs! Ugh! it really makes me shiver in my warm room.

The clothing to meet such atmosphere merits description. It was first a shirt of soft tanned reindeer skin, the hair worn inwardly, the outside colored red with the bark of the alder, while the edges and sleeves were trimmed with strips of beaver and river otter fur. The trowsers were of reindeer skin. They had leather boots lined on the inside with fur, gloves of the same, and a fur cap covering the head and face. Over all was worn the *Kuchlauska*—a heavy double reindeer skin, minus the hair, and bleached yellow with smoke. It has a large hood attached. The sleeves have bags for the hands, with apertures on the under side through which they are thrust for use. Even the dogs were frequently covered with furs, and their limbs incased with fur boots.

At night the sledges were turned over, and water poured on the runners. This answered the twofold purpose of protecting them and causing them to glide more smoothly.

In this manner, driving among dangerous flocs

and hummocks, wandering through inhospitable tribes, resting in huts lighted with panes of ice, through which streamed the rays of *Aurora Borealis*, these hardy explorers spent three years, exiled from home and all domestic, social, and literary pleasures, sometimes in danger of starvation, but still laboring on cheerily, hoping to increase the stock of geographical information, and, perhaps, discover a *North-Eastern* passage around the pole.

At this period, so remote from the expedition, the discoveries made and "observations" taken need not be recorded. Their life was one of ceaseless peril and adventure. Sometimes maladies appeared among their teams; at others sickness among themselves threatened the decimation of their number. To-day the wild wolf howled along their track; to-morrow the astonished white bear, enraged that the empire of desolation he had chosen as his own dominion should be invaded, confronted them chivalrously on their path, and they were compelled to "conquer a peace."

More than once were their high hopes blighted by disappointment. In the distance they discovered ranges of hills or chains of mountains. They even fancied they beheld the larch and fir-trees waving on the snow-covered summits. Was the hoped-for land discovered? Did that Arctic light, glittering with such unearthly luster on those distant peaks, shine on some hitherto unknown people? On they drove through the intense cold—around them was danger, but was there not land ahead? Nearer still they drew, and those hills were only ranges of hummocks floating in the open sea!

As exciting and fully as dangerous were their land explorations. On such occasions the company was usually divided, and pursued different routes. Thus they "canvassed" the islands, and ascertained the topography of the unknown coast. With ignorant native guides, they had unknown mountains to scale, rivers to cross, and pathless valleys to traverse. They mingled with the nomade tribes, and heard their traditions. They met an acute Jakut—of the Jakuti tribe—whose keenness of vision astonished them greatly. He pointed to Jupiter, and told the Lieutenant "he had seen that blue star swallow another smaller star, and vomit it up again." He had evidently, with his naked eye, noted the *immersion* and *emersion* of one of Jupiter's satellites! When shall the Bible and a pure Gospel ministry visit those forgotten and neglected tribes? When shall they "hear the joyful sound?" The question is full of interest, and, alas! of difficulty. But it shall yet be; "the word of God is not bound." The "Sun of righteousness" shall yet pour his cheering beams on those plains of snow and ice.

On one of these expeditions the company lost their way, and wandered among mountain chasms and blind passes for several days. Their provisions were exhausted, and in the extremity the Lieutenant proposed to kill and eat one of the horses. The Jakuti guide interposed, saying that most probably

death would ensue from eating his feverish flesh. About this time they discovered a small lake. Exhausted, they had barely strength to submerge a small net, and sank prostrate on the bank. Some hours passed, and none had courage to draw the net, lest the last hope of food should be destroyed. At length, with trembling hearts and hands, the net was drawn ashore, and was filled with fish! They knew they were saved.

Three years had been spent in these expeditions, and four since they had left their homes. Four extensive journeys had been made on the ice in addition to land excursions. They at last turned their steps homeward. On the 4th of January, 1824, they reached the Werchojansk Mountains, which they crossed with great labor and exposure. On the 10th they reached Jakuzk again, where M. Wrangell met his friend Lieutenant Anjou, who had charge of the other expedition, and had just returned from his arduous journeys along the Jana and across the Polar Sea. They spent many happy hours in recounting their respective adventures.

Here the expedition terminated, and the company dispersed and scattered to their homes. The two Lieutenants were detained a month longer to close their accounts with a pompous Government agent, who was, as usual with Russian officials, behind the times, and stupid to boot. Another month was spent in a visit to the warm springs at Turinsk, where they left their rheumatism. On the 15th of August, 1824, they reached St. Petersburg, which they left March 23, 1820. Thus closed "Wrangell's Siberian and Polar expedition." The Imperial ukase was subsequently issued creating him a High Admiral—a well-earned distinction, and I record it with pleasure, for it is so seldom the Great Bear does a generous deed.

#### VIRTUE ITS OWN REWARD.

EVERY man, under God, has his destiny in his own hands. If he will be virtuous, he may be. If he is virtuous, he can not but be happy. Like the suffering Redeemer, he may and will be "a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief;" but his consolation shall flow like a river, and his righteousness and happiness shall roll like the waves of a peaceful sea. Reader! art thou poor? art thou tried by thine infirmities? art thou persecuted by enemies? Still be virtuous, and your triumph shall be certain. I do not know a single young man who started with me in life, guided by a virtuous intent, who has failed of success. Many of that class are scattered to and fro in the earth. Fierce blasts and pelting storms beat upon many of them to this day, but every one of them now living who has been virtuous has won for himself a good degree in his sphere; and many shall rise up and bless the hour when these young men were born.—*Harry Woodland.*

## EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

### Scripture Cabinet.

**STRANGERS AND SOJOURNERS.**—Said the patriarch David, "I am a stranger with thee, and a sojourner, as all my fathers were." Why should he differ from his fathers? They "confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims" on the earth; and *he* now makes the same confession, "saying the same words." The remote ones of his ancestry came to his knowledge only by the report of tradition. Their works even had followed them to their graves. And even these graves of many of them might be sought in vain. They had been sojourners; but pilgrims; with earth for their inn—their sleeping-place for a night—whence they departed in the morning.

His later ancestors, too, had "walked in the same steps." If he would seek them now he must direct his face to the tomb. There were they last seen. But even *there* are they to be seen no more. Their steps have long since taken hold in eternity. They must be followed to be found.

But David's journey to the tombs of his fathers was not lost; for of deep and solemn weight to him was the very echo of their hollow sepulchers. Their moldering ashes were a mirror, from which was reflected his own mortality. Did he think that death had so done with them, and would not draw its bow upon him? Can you imagine David thinking over the hasty career of his fathers, and at the same time indulging flattering anticipations of uninterrupted life himself on the earth? No. We should all have been surprised, had David, as he walked amid the memories of his fathers, entertained any other thought of himself than as a stranger and a pilgrim. And it is very evident *why*; for such is the cast of *our own* reflections, when a serious hour causes the fitting scenes of past time to pass before us.

Take, for example, the twilight hour of the holy Sabbath, and sit down with your own thoughts awhile, and bidding the meaner concerns of business or pleasure to retire, to reflect upon the past. Think of departed ones; of an honored father or sainted mother, an affectionate brother or beloved sister, a bosom companion, a darling child, a faithful friend. Call up to memory's eye these dear personages; scan again their forms; gaze upon their countenance; listen to their voices; behold their wonted movements; and, as you think of the brevity of their lives, and the exceeding rapidity with which you have been traveling away from their death-hour and their burial, you can not fail to be impressed with the truth, that life is but a brief moment; a glimmering taper, soon put out; a leaf, that autumn winds will shortly shake off, to rustle on the ground; a winter's day—a journey to the tomb.

Or, go to the city of the dead, and walk among ancestral graves, and your impressions are the same. We see in each corpse, we hear in each knell, we read on each burial turf, that we are but strangers and sojourners on the earth. Would that such impressions of our state were more frequent! We should be the better for it—better furnished for life—better fitted to die. We are

daily suffering for want of such reflections. Are we not? Would a wicked one, for example, be so wicked, if some angel hand should direct his eye to his open grave, and unlock his ear to hear, before the time, the straw rustling upon his coffin, and the clouds falling upon the straw, and the last solemn words of the benediction, which turn away the feet of living men from him forever? Only those who are desperate in sin, who have received the full image of Satan, and "are led captive by him at his will," do scoff at anticipated death. All others would be better, less worldly, less sinful, more serious, more watchful, more faithful, were they oftener mindful of themselves as "strangers and pilgrims" on the earth.

**RELIGIOUS CULTURE.**—Our senses are educated by use. The experienced sailor will not only see a ship in the haze of the distant horizon, where the landsman recognizes nothing, but he will tell to what class of ships it belongs. The intellect is educated by use, and the experienced thinker will recognize relations and analogies where, to the uneducated mind, there is nothing but confusion. Our moral perceptions are educated by use. He whose moral nature is kept alive by looking always to moral relations, and by fidelity to the moral convictions, recognizes, as by instinct, a decided right or wrong in actions which to others seem wholly indifferent, and through this moral intuition he is fitted to pass judgment on the final result of such actions. So our religious nature is educated by use. Habits of prayer, of devout meditation, of referring all things in our devotions to the will of God, habits of communion with Christ till his words have become spirit and life to us, and our thoughts move in unison with his, must quicken our spiritual perceptions, deepen our religious consciousness, and give to us the power of recognizing as realities spiritual objects and relations of which others are, and from their want of religious culture must be, entirely ignorant. Through this Christian culture, the education of our highest faculties by intercourse with the highest subjects which they can act upon, are we to enter into our highest life, and experience the purest joy that the soul can know. We can not open our hearts in prayer with intense yearning for intercourse with God without some accession of spiritual life and peace, and we can not through the day carry out the experience of that moment without having it in some measure confirmed and established within us a permanent part of our religious being. So should we go on, growing always in our spiritual gifts and perceptions, till our highest experience on earth is a foretaste of heaven.

**SPIRITUAL ANATOMISTS.**—There are anatomists of piety who destroy all the freshness and vigor of faith, and hope, and charity, by amusing themselves, night and day, in the infected atmosphere of their own bosoms. Let a man of warm heart, who is happily surrounded with the dear objects of the social affections, try the effect of parallel practice, let him institute anxious scrutinies of his feelings toward those whom hitherto he has believed

himself to regard with unfeigned love; let him use in these inquiries all the fine distinctions of a casuist, and all the profound analysis of a metaphysician, and spend hours daily in pulling asunder every complex emotion of tenderness that has given grace to the domestic life; and, moreover, let him journalize these examinations and note particularly, with the accuracy of an accountant, how much of the mass of his kindly sentiments he has ascertained to consist of genuine love, and how much was selfishness in disguise; and let him, from time to time, solemnly resolve to be, in future, more disinterested and less hypocritical in his affections toward his family—what at the end of the year would be the result of such a process? What but a wretched debility and dejection of the heart, and a strangeness and sadness of the manners, and a suspension of the native expressions and ready offices of zealous affection? Meanwhile the hesitations, and the musings, and the upbraidings of an introverted sensibility absorb the thoughts. Is it then reasonable to presume that similar practices in religion can have a tendency to promote the healthy vigor of piety?

**OUR EARTHLY HABITATION.**—The crazy habitation of the body will decay; you may repair the broken tiles and damaged roof; you may rub up the dim window lights, and oil the rusty hinges of the doors; you may pitch up and plaster over the shattered walls, and paint the outside of the tenement, till the passer-by wonders at its fresh appearance; but, for all this, the old house must come down at last!

**ENTER INTO THY CLOSET.**—“*But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.*”—Matt. vi, 6.

**Enter into thy closet.** Every Jewish house had a place of secret devotion. The roofs of their houses were flat places for walking, conversation, and meditation, in the cool of the evening. . . . Over the porch, or entrance of the house, was, however, a small room, of the size of the porch, raised a story above the rest of the house, expressly appropriated for the place of retirement. Here, in secrecy and solitude, the pious Jew might offer his prayers, unseen by any but the Searcher of hearts. To this place, or to some similar place, our Savior directed his disciples to repair when they wished to hold communion with God. This is the place commonly mentioned in the New Testament as the *upper room*, or the place for secret prayer. The meaning of the Savior is, that there should be some place where we may be in secret—where we may be alone with God. There should be some place to which we may resort where no ear will hear us but his ear, and no eye can see us but his eye. Unless there is such a place, secret prayer will not be long or strictly maintained. It is often said that we have no such place, and can secure none. We are away from home; we are traveling; we are among strangers; we are in stages and steamboats, and how can we find such places of retirement? I answer, the *desire* to pray, and the love of prayer, will create such places in abundance. The Savior had all the difficulties which we can have, but yet he lived in the practice of secret prayer. To be alone, he rose up “a great while before day” and went into a solitary place and prayed. With him a grove, a mountain, a garden, furnished such a place; and though a traveler, and among strangers, and without a house, he lived in the habit of secret prayer. What excuse have they who have a home, and spend the precious hours of

the morning in sleep, and who will practice no self-denial that they may be alone with God? O Christian, thy Savior would have broken in upon those hours, and would have trod his solitary way to the mountain or the grove that he might pray! He *did* do so—he did it to pray for thee, too indolent and too unconcerned about thy own salvation, and that of the world, to practice the least self-denial in order to commune with God. How can religion live there? How can such a soul be saved?

The Savior does not specify the *times* when we should pray in secret. He does not say how *often* it should be done. The reasons may have been: 1. That he designed that his religion should be *voluntary*—and there is not a better test of true piety than a disposition to engage often in secret prayer. He designed to leave it to his people to show attachment to him often by coming to God often, and as often as they chose. 2. An attempt to specify the times when this should be done would tend to make religion formal and heartless. Mohammed undertook to regulate this; and the consequence is, a cold and formal prostration at the appointed hours of prayer, all over the land where his religion has spread. 3. The periods are so numerous, and the seasons for secret prayer vary so much, that it would not be easy to fix rules when this should be done. Yet, without giving rules, where the Savior has given none, we may suggest the following when secret prayer is proper: 1. In the morning. Nothing can be more appropriate than when we have been preserved through the night, and when we are about to enter upon the duties and dangers of another day, than to render Him thanks, and commit ourselves to his fatherly care. 2. In the evening. When the day has closed, what more natural than to render thanks, and to implore forgiveness for what we have said or done amiss, and to pray for a blessing upon the hours of the day; and when about to lie down again to sleep, not knowing but it may be our *last* sleep, and that we may wake in eternity, what more proper than to commend ourselves to the care of him “who never slumbers or sleeps?” 3. We should pray in times of embarrassment and perplexity. Such times occur in every man's life, and then it is a privilege and a duty to go to God and seek his direction. In the most difficult and embarrassed time of the American Revolution, Washington was seen to retire daily to a grove in the vicinity of the camp at Valley Forge. Curiosity led a man to observe him on one occasion, and the Father of his country was seen on his knees supplicating the God of hosts in prayer. Who can tell how much the liberty of this nation is owing to the answer to the secret prayer of Washington? 4. We should pray when we are beset with strong temptations. So the Savior prayed in the garden of Gethsemane—compare Hebrews v, 7, 8—and so we should pray when we are tempted. 5. We should pray when the Spirit prompts us to pray—when we feel *just like praying*—when nothing can satisfy the soul but prayer. Such times occur in the life of every Christian; and they are “spring-times” of piety—favorable gales to waft us on to heaven. Prayer, to the Christian, at such times, is just as congenial as conversation with a friend when the bosom is full of love; as the society of father, mother, sister, child is, when the heart glows with attachment; as the strains of sweet music are to the ear best attuned to the love of harmony; as the most exquisite poetry is to the heart enamored with the Muses; and as the most delicious banquet is to the hungry. Prayer, then, is the element of being—the breath, the vital air; and then the Christian



must and should pray. He is the most eminent Christian who is most favored with such strong emotions urging him to prayer. The heart is then full. The soul is tender. The sun of glory shines with unusual splendor. No cloud intervenes. The Christian rises from the earth and pants for glory. Then we may go alone with God. We may enter the closet, and breathe forth our warm desires into the ever-open ear of God, and he who sees in secret will reward us openly. *In secret*—who is unseen. *Who seeth in secret*—who sees what the human eye can not see; who sees the secret real designs and desires of the heart. Prayer should always be offered, remembering that God is acquainted with our real desires; and that it is those real desires, and not the words of prayer, that he will answer.

THE SPIRITUAL MERCHANT—A PULPIT SKETCH.—“For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold.”—Proverbs iii, 14.

From this we propose,

I. To consider the Christian under the character of a merchant, and show how he answers to that character.

1. A merchant is and must be a living man.

2. He must be a diligent man.

3. He must be a man of punctuality and dispatch.

4. He must be constant and regular in his correspondence.

5. He must know and be attentive to the state of his affairs.

6. He is a man of a truly honorable calling.

7. He is a man of a very useful calling.

8. He must prepare for and expect to meet losses.

II. To consider the articles of his trade.

1. He trades in gold, by which we may understand the love and grace of God.

2. He trades in jewels and pearls, or the Lord Jesus Christ himself, and all his gracious and glorious blessings and benefits.

3. He trades in wine and oil, or the sweet and gracious influences and comforts of the Holy Ghost.

4. He trades in pleasant fruits, or the sweet and soul-refreshing blessings of the Gospel of Christ.

5. He trades in fine linen and goodly apparel, which is the righteousness of the saints.

6. He trades in arms and ammunition, even the whole armor of God.

7. He trades in rich and pleasant spices, or the duties, walk, and practice of evangelical holiness.

III. The stock he trades with.

1. With the love of Christ, which is unchangeable.

2. With the power of Christ, which is omnipotent and invincible.

3. With the wisdom of Christ, which is infallible.

4. With the truth and faithfulness of Christ, which can never change.

5. With the merits and righteousness of Christ, which are invaluable.

6. With the offices and character of Christ, which are various.

7. With the glorious exaltation and intercession of Christ.

IV. The port he trades to; namely, HEAVEN.

1. A distant port.

2. A rich port.

3. A safe port.

4. A free port. No taxes!

5. A royal port, the residence of King Jesus.

6. A heavenly port.

V. Show the difficulties, trials, and losses he is liable to in this trade. He meets with difficulties, etc.

1. From storms and tempests.

2. From bad servants—a sinful body and a wicked heart.

3. From thieves and robbers—an evil world and Satan.

4. From false merchants—hypocritical professors.

5. From wars and piracies—contentions and sad, sinful lusts.

6. From calumny and falsehood.

VI. The manner in which his trade is carried on; namely, by books, by letters, by good bills, by running cash.

1. By books. (1.) The Bible. (2.) His memory, which is his day-book. (3.) His judgment, which is his journal. 4. His affections, which are his cash-book. (5.) His conscience, which is his ledger.

2. By letters; namely, his prayers.

3. By good bills; namely, the promises of God.

4. By running cash—visible comforts.

VII. The profits and losses of his trade; and show in what manner this merchandise is better than silver or gold.

1. The merchandise of silver is uncertain, but this is sure.

2. The merchandise of silver is unsatisfying; this is soul-satisfying.

3. The merchandise of silver is short, but this is eternal.

4. The merchandise of silver is hurtful, but this is beneficial.

5. The merchandise of silver has no profit at death; this has.

6. The merchandise of silver can never assure a man of heaven; this does.

Its gain is better than fine gold.

1. He gains true peace in his conscience.

2. He gains true holiness of heart and life.

3. He gains fellowship and communion.

4. He gains true comfort, and a joyful assurance of heaven.

5. He gains a glorious victory, and triumph over death and hell.

6. He gains a joyful resurrection.

Conclusion, with a few words,

I. To the real Christian.

1. Be diligent and punctual in your heavenly trade.

2. Examine and post your books.

3. Labor to enlarge your heavenly trade.

4. Let no crosses or difficulties discourage thee.

5. Rejoice in the hope of enjoying all thy gain at last.

II. To the Christian sinner.

1. Think what a losing trade thou art engaged in.

2. Consider well the warning, Matt. xiv, 26.

3. Reflect how much of thy precious time is lost.

4. Remember the dreadful account at the day of judgment.

5. Remember it is not too late; thou art yet on mercy's ground, under mercy's joyful sound, and within mercy's mighty reach!

LONG PRAYERS.—The prayers of our Savior were short and to the point. The prayer of the penitent publican was a happy specimen. When Peter was endeavoring to walk upon the waters to meet his Master, and was about sinking, had his supplication been as long as the introduction to one of our modern prayers, before he got through he would have been fifty feet under water.

## Items, Literary, Scientific, and Religious.

**DECLINE OF METHODISM.**—The Christian Advocate and Journal gives a table showing the total number of members of the Methodist Churches in New York city to have been, in 1843, 9,780; in 1845, 9,571; 1847, 9,326; 1849, 8,893; 1851, 9,289; 1853, 9,319—and showing a decrease in ten years of 400 members, while the population has nearly doubled. The statistics of the Methodist Churches in Baltimore show that in 1843 the number of members in that city was 13,760, and in 1853 12,646. In Baltimore the decrease has occurred chiefly in the number of colored members, "while the whites have remained almost stationary." In Boston in 1833 there were but two charges, with an aggregate of 833 members. Suddenly they expanded into eight Churches, with a membership of 2,075. From 1843 to 1853 there was an increase of only 185 members, and a decrease in the Churches of one.

It ought to be kept in mind, however, as a cotemporary remarks, that the great increase of population in the large cities has been foreign Roman Catholic, amounting to a very large share of the present inhabitants. The Catholics crowd into these cities, where they can get employment to suit their habits, their ignorance, and their vices, in the lowest walks of service, in keeping about six-sevenths of the grogshops, and the like. Nevertheless, there is room for greater activity on the part of our Church members, and something more must be done than has been done to increase the borders of Zion in our great cities.

**RELIGIOUS WORSHIP.**—It appears that there are in England and Wales 35 different religious communities or sects; 27 native and indigenous, and 9 foreign. The latter include all the bodies which have assumed any formal organization. Taking the population of England and Wales at 17,927,609, there were present at the most numerous attended services on Sunday, March 30, 1851, the number of 2,971,258 members of the Church of England, 3,110,782 Protestant Dissenters, 249,389 Roman Catholics, and 24,793 of other bodies. Of all denominations the number returned as present on the Sunday mentioned is 6,356,222.

**JUDAH TOURO,** a wealthy and aged Jew, of New Orleans, died a month or two since. His will is dated the 6th January. It appoints four executors, giving \$10,000 to three of them, and making the fourth—R. D. Shepherd—residuary legatee. Nearly \$450,000 is bequeathed to different public institutions and for charitable purposes, including the following: \$80,000 for the establishment of an alms-house in New Orleans; \$5,000 to the Hebrew congregation in Boston; the same amount to each of the Hebrew congregations in Hartford, New Haven, New York, Charleston, and Savannah; \$5,000 to the Orphan Boys' Asylum at Boston; \$5,000 to the Female Asylum at Boston; \$10,000 to the Massachusetts Female Hospital; \$20,000 to the Jews' Hospital Society at New York; \$10,000 to the New York Relief Society for Indigent Jews in Palestine; also \$50,000 to the agent of said Society for Ameliorating the Condition of the Jews in the Holy Land, and securing the enjoyment of their religion.

**LONG HAIR.**—Sir C. Wilkins states, that while he was resident at Benares he saw a fakir, the hair of whose

head reached the enormous length of twelve feet. The tails of hair of the Chinese frequently reach the ground; and their mustaches have been cultivated to the length of eight or nine inches.

**NEW PLANETS.**—Le Verrier, the astronomer, in a paper which he recently read before the Paris Academy of Sciences, suggests that we may expect the discovery of a prodigious number of small planets.

**COLONEL BENTON.**—Over fifty thousand copies—at five dollars per copy—of Colonel Benton's new work, "Thirty Years in the Senate," were subscribed for in advance of its publication.

**LETTUCE-EATERS.**—The eater of the common green lettuce, as a salad, takes a portion of lactucarium, a narcotic substance similar in properties to opium, which it contains; and any one will discover that his head is affected after indulging freely in a lettuce salad. Eaten at night, it causes sleep; eaten during the day, it soothes, calms, and allays the tendency to nervous irritability.

**CATHEDRAL IN NEW YORK CITY.**—A new Roman Catholic cathedral is about to be erected on Fifth Avenue and Forty-Eighth-street. It is to be the largest church edifice in the United States. The building will be three hundred and fifty feet in depth by one hundred and five in breadth, and will be surmounted by an immense dome, having a diameter of one hundred and four feet. There will also be two lofty towers. The height of the nave will be one hundred and four feet. The materials to be used are almost wholly stone and iron. The building will contain sixteen chapels and three organs, one of which will be of great size. The cost is expected to be \$350,000.

**WALKING ON WATER.**—In January last the perilous experiment of "walking on water" was repeated, before a concourse of Dublin spectators, by the Hon. Mr. Swift. This gentleman's former experiment was that of "walking" by sea, from Venice to Trieste, a feat by which his life was well nigh forfeited. In repeating the attempt in Dublin harbor, between the Custom-House and the Pigeon-House Fort, he encountered no risk, and was thoroughly successful. His apparatus consists of two air-tight tin floats, twenty feet in length, tapering to a narrow point at each end, and joined together by bars of iron. Standing on the floats, Mr. Swift propels himself by a double-bladed oar, using it with great dexterity.

**WITHOUT A PARALLEL.**—The amount invested in school-houses in Boston is \$1,500,000. The yearly appropriations for education are \$1,200,000, while the amount raised for all other city expenses is only \$870,000. The amount expended for instruction in the common schools of Massachusetts last year was \$4.50 for each child between five and fifteen years of age in the state.

**MORMON APOSTLES.**—There are 9 Mormon apostles, all located in Great Salt Lake City, 53 bishops, 254 priests, 95 deacons, and 208 teachers. During the year subsequent to the 5th of October, 1852, 18 of the saints had been excommunicated. One hundred and thirty-nine of the Mormon priests and elders are on missionary expeditions in other parts, and in foreign countries.

**SUNDAY SCHOOLS IN GREAT BRITAIN.**—At the present time there are more than 250,000 teachers in Sunday

schools, instructing, every Sunday, in religious knowledge as many as 1,800,000 children. The total number of Sunday scholars on the books of the schools is about 2,400,000, and there are about two teachers to every fifteen scholars.

**REVENUE OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.**—It is stated in the census report of religious worship lately issued, that the income of the Church of England is upward of \$25,000,000 per annum.

**WALL OF CHINA.**—In a lecture on China, which he delivered at Bolton recently, Dr. Brownrig said it had been calculated that if all the bricks, stones, and masonry of Great Britain were gathered together, they would not be able to furnish materials enough for the Wall of China; and that all the buildings in London put together would not make the towers and turrets which adorn it.

**CANADIAN METHODIST MISSIONS.**—The total receipts of the Methodist Missionary Society in Upper Canada, during the past year, were \$22,693, being nearly \$5,000 over the receipts of the previous year. But a few years since the Church in Canada was supplied by missionaries from England or the United States; now it is a self-supporting Church, and does much to assist the great missionary cause.

**EYELASHES.**—In Circassia, Georgia, Persia, and India one of the mother's earliest cares is to promote the growth of her children's eyelashes, by tipping and removing the fine gossamer-like points with a pair of scissors when they are asleep. By repeating this every month or six weeks, they become, in time, long, close, finely curved, and of a silky gloss. The practice never fails to produce the desired effect, and it is particularly useful when, owing to inflammation of the eyes, the lashes have been thinned or stunted.

**REVOLUTIONARY WAR.**—The number of persons engaged in the war of the Revolution was two hundred and thirty-one thousand, seven hundred and ninety-one. Of this number there are less than *fourteen hundred now living*, whose ages average nearly ninety years. Seventy-three died during the past year.

**RUSSIAN CHURCH STATISTICS.**—Out of the population of the Russian empire, amounting to fully 60,000,000, only about 45,000,000 are members of the National Church; 350,000 belonging to dissenting Eastern Churches; 3,500,000 are Roman Catholics; 250,000 Armenians; 2,000,000 Protestants of the Augsburg Confession; 54,000 of the Reformed Church; 10,000 Moravians; 2,500,000 Mohammedans; 600,000 Jews; 300,000 the followers of the Grand Lama of Thibet; 170,000 idolaters, and 600,000 Fetish worshippers.

**CALIFORNIA MASTODON.**—The bones of a mastodon were recently found in the neighborhood of San Francisco, at a depth of eighteen feet from the surface. They were imbedded in sand and gravel. At a distance of eighty feet from the surface the remains of a tree were found, and about twenty feet lower was a deposit of blue clay, with stones, rounded by the action of the water, showing that this was once, in all probability, the bed of the ocean.

**IMPORT OF SPERM AND WHALE OIL.**—The import of sperm and whale oil into the United States during 1853 was 103,077 barrels, and for 1852 79,950 barrels. Of whale oil the import in 1853 was 260,114 barrels, and in 1852 83,775, showing an aggregate increase in the import of sperm and whale oil, for the present year,

of 199,466 barrels, or more than the entire import of 1852.

**OLD BONES.**—There is in the crypt or burial niche of Hythe Church, sixty miles south-east from London, a vast pile of human bones, which were gathered many years after a battle fought on the seashore between the Danes and Saxons, about one thousand years since, and among them are skulls of aged warriors, finely developed, the teeth in many of which are so perfect, so beautifully sound, and so firmly imbedded in the sockets, that you can not move them. The owners of those teeth wore beards.

**MILK FOR MANUFACTURES.**—Milk has hitherto been used chiefly for the manufacture of butter and cheese, or, *mingled with water*, as an article of city diet. The London Medical Journal says it has now become a valuable adjunct in the hands of the calico printers, who find it a valuable auxiliary in laying the colors upon the face of the goods. The insoluble albumen of eggs was formerly used for this purpose; but it was found that the required insoluble article can be obtained much more economically from buttermilk. The woolen manufacturers, also, who have been in the habit of using oil in their business, find that the oil answers their purpose much better when mixed with milk—the animal fat which exists in the globules of the milk evidently affording an element of more powerful effect upon the woolen fibers than the oil alone.

**VASTNESS OF THE UNIVERSE.**—A flash of lightning occurring on earth would not be visible on the moon till a second and a quarter afterward; on the sun till eight minutes; on the planet Jupiter, when at its greatest distance from us, till fifty-two minutes; on Uranus till two hours; on Neptune till four hours and a quarter; on the star Vega, of the first magnitude, till forty-five years; on a star of the eighth magnitude till one hundred and eighty years; and stars of the twelfth magnitude till four thousand years—and stars of this magnitude are visible through telescopes; nor can we doubt that, with better instruments, stars of far less magnitude might be seen, so that we may confidently say that this flash of lightning would not reach the remotest heavenly body till more than six thousand years—a period equal to that which has elapsed since man's creation. Here is vastness beyond the capacity of the mind to contemplate.

**COMMON SCHOOLS IN OHIO.**—Ohio has 12,000 school districts, and 36,000 school directors. There are 838,000 youths, between the ages of four years and twenty-one, of whom 830,000 depend on the common schools for their education, and more than 500,000 will attend school this winter; 50,000 for the first time, and 40,000 for the last time, and a number sufficient to turn the scale of a state election will become voters next year.

**CATHOLIC STATISTICS.**—The number of Catholic churches and chapels in England and Wales is six hundred and eighty-seven; and the number of priests—including one archbishop and thirteen bishops—is one thousand, one hundred and twenty-seven; number of colleges, eleven; religious houses for men, seventeen; convents, eighty-four. In the United States the Roman Catholics have, at present, seven archbishops, thirty-two bishops, one thousand, seven hundred and twelve churches, and one thousand, five hundred and seventy-four priests, included in forty-one dioceses and two apostolic vicariates. The Catholic Almanac, for 1854, does not, for certain reasons, give the number of Church members in the United States.

## Literary Notices.

## NEW BOOKS.

**AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ACTRESS.** By Anna Cora Mowatt. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Co. 1854. 12mo. 448 pages.—This autobiography is written in sprightly, entertaining style, and includes graphic sketches of a great variety of interesting scenes and characters. The haps and mishaps of the stage are piquantly told. The Puritan Recorder remarks of the author: "She is evidently a gifted and accomplished lady; but, alas for the employment to which eight years of her life have been devoted! In her last chapter she summons a cloud of witnesses to testify in favor of the stage, and puts forth her own vigorous powers in its defense, while yet the whole world knows that it is a fountain of immorality and corruption. There will be many admirers of the book; but, for ourselves, we are glad to lay it down, to read for the second or third time that inimitable production lately published by the same house, 'Light on the Dark River.'"

**HAPS AND MISHAPS OF A TOUR IN EUROPE.** By Grace Greenwood. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 12mo. 437 pages. For sale by H. W. Derby & Co.—We do not find that flippancy nor that grace in the style of this volume which we had been led to expect from the occasional fragments we had read from the pen of Grace Greenwood; nevertheless, they possess an interest that bears the reader along to the end. Grace is a shrewd, penetrating observer, and a careful delineator.

**OLD SIGHTS WITH NEW EYES.** By a Yankee. With an Introduction, by Robert Baird, D. D. New York: M. W. Dodd. 1854. 12mo. 372 pages. For sale by Moore, Anderson & Co., Cincinnati.—With all due respect to "old sights" that were seen, and the "new eyes" that saw them, we must designate this as only a commonplace book. The strong eulogistic introduction of Dr. Baird will prepare the mind of those who read the introduction first, to expect what they will not find in the book.

**SKETCHES OF THE IRISH BAR.** By the Right Hon. Richard Lalor Sheil, M. P. New York: Redfield. 1854. Two Volumes. 12mo. 388 and 380 pages.—These sketches are of a threefold character. Some of them relate to individual men; some show the practice of the Irish bar, as exhibited in the report of interesting criminal cases; the third class consists of narratives of public events connected with the cause of civil and religious liberty in Ireland. In fact, it is a sort of personal history of politics and politicians during the half century following the parchment Union between Ireland and Great Britain. These volumes contain graphic descriptions of O'Connell, Plunkett, and their cotemporaries. Here are the thrilling narratives of Scanlan's trial at Limerick—on which Gerald Griffin founded his tragic story of "The Collegian"—and the trial of Gorman for "the burning of the Sheas," etc. Mr. Sheil was one of the most brilliant orators and affluent writers Ireland has produced, and these gathered fragments from his pen possess a permanent interest. This is a production that will not soon die. For sale by Derby & Co., Cincinnati.

**EARLY ENGAGEMENTS.** By Mary Frazier. Cincinnati: Moore, Anderson & Co. 1854. 12mo. 281 pages.—The title of this work sufficiently indicates its general character. It is written in an unusually pure and elevated

style; and if this be the "first unpolished effort" of the author's pen, she certainly wields a pen that should not remain unemployed. In its moral teachings it is sound, earnest, healthful, entirely free from sickly sentimentalism. The work is dedicated to her nieces by the author, and in her preface she says to them: "I should regret exceedingly that this volume, which I affectionately dedicate to you, should become the means of creating a morbid fondness for light literature. Deeply, indeed, should I deprecate that which would cause you to prefer the gilt to the 'refined gold.' But as our divine Savior designed to convey moral truths by means of parables, so I would seek by this simple story to impress your minds with the sense of an evil, whose victims are 'legion.'"

**ORIENTAL AND SACRED SCENES.** From Notes of Travel in Greece, Turkey, and Palestine. By Fisher Howe. New York: M. W. Dodd. Cincinnati: Moore, Anderson & Co.—The greater part of this work is devoted to sketches of scenes and to observations made in Palestine. The first ten chapters introduce the reader to parts of Greece and Turkey, including Constantinople. They are admirably prepared sketches; and the illustrative engravings and entire mechanical execution of the work make it truly a beautiful book.

**THEORY AND PROGRESS OF CONVERSION, PRACTICALLY DELINEATED.** By Rev. Theo. Spencer. New York: M. W. Dodd. 1854. 12mo. 408 pages.—Much good can, no doubt, be gleaned from this book. It is in the form of an argument between a pastor and an inquirer. Many strong points are made and much clear reasoning is elicited. Its author is evidently a man of clear, discriminating mind, and possesses decidedly a clear, logical head. A certain class of thinkers and speculatists may gain much good from the perusal of this book.

**LIFE OF BLENNERHASSETT.** By Wm. H. Safford. Cincinnati: Moore, Anderson & Co. 12mo. 239 pages.—This is one of the most interesting personal sketches that has lately been given to the press. It delineates in graphic and true colors the rise, progress, and disastrous conclusion of the great "Burr conspiracy." In fact, it forms a most interesting chapter in the history of our country, especially connected with the great west.

**SPIRITUAL PROGRESS; or, Instructions in the Divine Life of the Soul.** From the French of Fenelon and Madame Guyon. Edited by James W. Metcalf. New York: M. W. Dodd. 16mo. 348 pages. For sale by Moore, Anderson & Co.—These extracts are, perhaps, among the least exceptionable of their respective authors, and Fenelon and Madame Guyon are here seen in their best light. Both these individuals were eminently talented and deeply pious; but their views of spiritual Christianity, in some respects, were both erroneous and dangerous.

**TUCKERMAN'S MONTH IN ENGLAND.** New York: Redfield. 12mo. For sale by Moore, Anderson & Co., Cincinnati.—A right racy book, full of items, incidents, and pictures of a most delightful character. We shall, by and by, regale our readers with some of the fine pictures it contains.

"FRANK FORRESTER, Esq.," is a decided favorite with the boys and girls all over the country. Wherever his acquaintance is made, he can not be otherwise than



popular. We have received from the publishers—Messrs. F. & G. C. Rand, No. 7 Cornhill, Boston—a bound copy of the eleventh and twelfth volumes of FORRESTER'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' MAGAZINE, making a handsome book of three hundred and seventy-six pages, and filled with excellent reading matter for children—matter, too, of permanent value. We know of no magazine for children that approaches any where near the standard of excellence attained by this. The bound volume will make an excellent gift-book for children; and parents everywhere will contribute to the improvement and intelligence of their children, and also to the felicity of the domestic circle, by securing the monthly visits of our intelligent, sprightly, child-loving "Frank Forrester, Esq."

SACRED FOUNTAINS; or, *Observations, Historical and Practical, on the Streams, Lakes, and Fountains of the Holy Land.* By Rev. David Wilson. Pittsburg: John T. Shryock, Western Publisher. 12mo. 211 pages.—This work contains sketches of twenty-nine fountains, rivers, etc., including those upon "The River of Life," "The Great Sea," and "The Immortal Fountain." The sketches evince on the part of their author careful research and faithful delineation, and are highly suggestive as well as instructive. The mechanical execution of the work, except four pages which are "upside down," is very excellent.

THE PARTISAN: a Romance of the Revolution. By W. G. Simms, Esq. New York: Redfield.—Mr. Simms is a well-known novelist; but we have read none of his works, and this remark includes the volume now before us. So we can express no opinion of its merits. For sale by H. W. Derby & Co., Cincinnati.

#### PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS.

FIRST ANNUAL REPORT OF THE TRACT SOCIETY OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—This important document, bearing the stamp of 1854, is before us. Provision for the organization of the Society was made by the General conference of 1852, and Rev. Abel Stevens appointed Corresponding Secretary. The Society went into operation early in 1853, and its first anniversary was held in the city of Washington, January 8, 1854. The result of the first year's operations may be summed up thus—a catalogue of 66 books and 614 tracts; tract volumes sold, 101,730; pages of tracts sold, 6,891,240; received for cash sales, \$12,300; collections for tract cause, \$16,407; agents in the field, 25; colporteurs employed, 87. This is a noble beginning.

TESTIMONY OF DISTINGUISHED LAYMEN TO THE VALUE OF THE SACRED SCRIPTURES.—This octavo pamphlet of sixty-four pages has been published by the American Bible Society. We rejoice to see it. The Society has done well in its publication. It can not but do good. Let it spread upon the wings of the wind. It ought to go out not only through the agency of the Bible Society, but it ought to be on the list of every tract society in the land.

MINUTES OF THE INDIANA ANNUAL CONFERENCE.—Our friend, Dr. Berry, the Secretary of the conference, will accept our thanks for the document. We observe that this conference appointed delegates to the other Indiana conferences, to extend to them cordial greetings and good wishes, and to express their desire of an annual interchange of fraternal feelings. This is a beautiful idea. Why may not our conferences in other states imitate the example to good purpose? The fact is, we, as confer-

ences, are too much isolated—too congregational. Number of members, 17,737; probationers, 3,319; local preachers, 164; churches, 267, valued at \$182,345; parsonages, 46, valued at \$21,640; missionary collections, \$4,127; for Sunday schools, \$103; for Bible Society, \$784; Sunday school scholars, 11,013.

MINUTES OF THE SOUTH-EASTERN INDIANA ANNUAL CONFERENCE.—This is a very neat, business-like pamphlet from the same press and in the same good style as the preceding. Number of members, 17,884; probationers, 2,944; local preachers, 151; number of churches, 298, valued at \$255,250; parsonages, 44, valued at \$23,550; missionary collection, \$6,551; Sunday school do., \$149; Bible do., \$1,111; Sunday school scholars, 15,993. Both of these documents indicate the healthy and progressive state of Methodism in Indiana.

CATALOGUE OF THE LAWRENCE UNIVERSITY.—This institution is located at Appleton, Wis. Our old friend and fellow-laborer, Rev. Edward Cooke, A. M., is President, and is assisted by five professors and teachers. Whole number of students in attendance, 196. The buildings for the college department are now in process of erection, and classes in the college course will soon be organized. If we mistake not, the college has before it a long and prosperous career.

CATALOGUE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.—Chancellor, Rev. Henry P. Tappan, D. D.; and the members of the faculties number eighteen members. In the Department of Literature, Science, and the Arts the number of students is only 93; in the Medical Department there are 151 in attendance.

CATALOGUE OF THE NEW YORK CONFERENCE SEMINARY.—This is one of the most flourishing institutions in the country. It is located at Charlotteville, Schoharrie county, N. Y. Rev. Alonzo Flack, A. M., is the Principal, and he is assisted by sixteen professors and teachers. Students: ladies, 370; gentlemen, 612—total, 982. Efforts are in successful progress to establish a college in connection with this institution, and the enterprise meets with great popular favor.

CATALOGUE OF THE FORT PLAIN SEMINARY AND FEMALE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.—This institution is located in Montgomery county, N. Y. The Principal is Rev. J. E. King, A. M., who is assisted by fifteen professors and teachers. Students: ladies, 221; gentlemen, 292—total, 513.

MINUTES OF THE ANNUAL CONFERENCES OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH FOR 1853.—This pamphlet has been before us some time, but, through inadvertence, we have failed to notice it. In many respects it indicates an encouraging progress in the general interests of the Church. Even the returns of membership are not quite so discouraging as at first appeared. The summing up, by mistake, indicates a membership of 732,637, and an increase of only 3,937; but the actual membership is 755,927, and the actual increase 27,227. The total number of traveling preachers is 5,100; of whom 606 are superannuated or supernumerary, 77 secretaries and agents, 87 presidents, principals, professors, and teachers, 4 general book agents, and 9 General conference editors, leaving 4,317 in the pastoral work. There are also 6,061 local preachers, making a grand total of 11,161 ministers; an army sufficient, with the help of God, to do a mighty work. Collected for missions \$210,447, being an increase of 27 per cent. on the collection of the year preceding.

## Mirror of Apothegm, Wit, Repartee, and Anecdote.

AN ANECDOTE OF REV. JAMES AXLEY.—As a sort of appendix to the excellent article upon Rev. James Axley in this number, we give place to the following anecdote:

"In one of his discourses Mr. Axley was descanting upon conformity to the world among Christians, particularly in fashionable dress and manners. To meet the pleas and excuses usually set up in behalf of these departures from the good old way, he held a sort of colloquy with an imaginary apologist seated at the further end of the congregation, whose supposed pleas and excuses he would state on behalf of his man of straw, in an altered tone; then resuming his natural voice, he would reply and demolish the arguments of his opponent. After discussing the subject for some time, the opponent was made to say:

"But, sir, some of your Methodist preachers themselves dress in fashionable style, and, in air and manner, enact the dandy."

"O no, my friend, that can not be. Methodist preachers know their calling better. They are men of more sense than that, and would not stoop so low as to disgrace themselves and the sacred office they hold by such gross inconsistency of character."

"Well, sir, if you won't take my word for it, just look at those young preachers in the pulpit, behind you!"

"Mr. Axley turned immediately around, with seeming surprise, and, facing two or three fashionably dressed junior preachers, seated in the rear of the pulpit, he surveyed each of them from head to foot, for two or three minutes, as they quailed under the withering glance of his keen and penetrating eye, then turning again to the congregation, and leaning a little forward over the front of the desk, with his arm extended, and his eyes as if fixed upon the apologist at the farther end of the church, he said, in a subdued tone, yet distinctly enough to be heard by all present:

"If you please, sir, we will drop the subject!"

A DEMONSTRATION OF PUNCH.—Punch proves the impossibility of an inhabitant of the earth ever reaching the sun. Supposing a railway to the sun possible, it would take five hundred and fourteen years to accomplish the journey; but it has been shown that every soul in the train would have perished in two hundred and twenty-eight years by the chances of accident; consequently, no individual could ever reach the sun.

ORIGIN OF THE TERM LADY.—The name lady is an abbreviation of the Saxon "Leofday," which signifies bread-giver. The mistress of a manor, at a time when affluent families resided constantly at their country mansions, was accustomed, once a week or oftener, to distribute among the poor a certain quantity of bread. She bestowed the gift with her own hand, and made the hearts of the needy glad by the soft words and gentle actions which accompanied her benevolence. The widow and the orphan "rose up and called her blessed;" the destitute and the afflicted recounted her praises; all classes of the poor embalmed her in their affections as the Leof-day, the giver of bread and dispenser of comfort, a sort of ministering spirit in a world of sorrow. Who is a lady now?

SEAMAN'S CHEST FOUND.—January 17th a seaman's chest came ashore on the west side of Buzzard Bay,

in West Falmouth, Mass. It contained some valuable clothing—no linen of any kind—a small tuck Bible, in the fly leaf of which was pasted the following lines:

"A parent's blessing on her son  
Goes with this holy thing;  
The love that would retain the one  
Must to the other cling;  
Remember 'tis no common toy,  
A mother's gift—remember, boy!"

AN EPIGRAM BY QUEEN ELIZABETH UPON TRANSUBSTANTIATION.—Queen Elizabeth was the most accomplished woman of her age, and often spoke with as much spirit and dignity as she acted. She evaded giving a direct answer to a theological question respecting the sacrament of the Lord's supper with admirable address. On being asked by a Popish priest whether she allowed the real presence, she replied:

"Christ was the word that spake it;  
He took the bread and brake it;  
And what that word did make it,  
That I believe and take it."

WITTY IMPROMPTU.—Sergeant C. was of a very rubicund countenance, and sometimes rather prolix in his arguments. On one occasion, when, in the full-dress costume of his court, he was delivering a very long speech, a wit by his side wrote this epigram:

"The sergeant pleads with face on fire,  
And all the court may rue it;  
His purple garment comes from Tyre,  
His arguments go to it."

UNMERITED REMEMBRANCE.—Oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction as to merit of perpetuity. Who can but pity the founder of the pyramids? Herostratus lives that burnt the temple of Diana; he is almost lost that built it. Time hath spared the epitaph of Adrian's horse—confounded that of himself. In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good names, since bad ones have equal durations; and Thirsites is likely to live as long as Agamemnon, without the favor of the Everlasting Register.

JOHNSON'S MODE OF RAISING MONEY.—Johnson, being pushed for money to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral, and to settle some little debts she had left, sat down to his Rasselas, which, he afterward informed Sir Joshua Reynolds, he composed in the evenings of a single week, having it printed as rapidly as it was written, and even not reading it over till several years afterward, while traveling in company with Mr. Boswell. Yet this work, so hastily written, enabled the publisher to pay him the sum of one hundred and twenty-five pounds.

ECCOTISM OF SCUDERI.—Scuderi was a writer of some genius and great variety. His prefaces are remarkable for their gasconades. In his epic poem of Alaric he says, "I have such a facility in writing verses, and also in my invention, that a poem of double its length would have cost me little trouble. Although it contains only eleven thousand lines, I believe that longer epics do not exhibit more embellishments than mine." But Scuderi and his works were of less consequence than he supposed. His sonnets, heroic poems, and romances, in great number, have been long forgotten.

## Editor's Table.

THE PRESENT NUMBER opens with a classical and earnest discussion, which we commend especially to all thinking minds. Essays are too apt to be overlooked, and the sketches and stories only read. We protest to you, dear readers, that every one of you with whom this is the case, has already formed at least that incipient taste for novels which, if indulged, ends in a disrelish for all sober and solid reading. We have also some other essays and discussions in this number, not one of which should be passed over. Our descriptive and narrative pieces we need hardly urge upon your attention. Wrangell's Expedition is full of interest, and the sketch of James Axtley is especially rich, as are also several others. Don't slight the Muses either; you will find some gems among them.

ENGRAVINGS.—We can not vouch for the correctness of the view of Pittsburgh, for we could not see the city for smoke when we were there; but we can vouch for the great labor bestowed upon it by the artist, and for the exquisite taste and delicacy with which he has drawn his lines. Examine it minutely; mark the delicate touches which have made its minutest features stand out so distinctly.

Turn from this quiet scene to the next picture. Somebody's house is on fire over the river; and men, women, and horses are all in full tilt for the scene of action. We are glad they have not far to go; but even now we fear the fire is too far advanced for them to accomplish much with their buckets. Wonder whether any body was burned to death? wonder whether they got their goods and furniture out? wonder whether the man had his house insured?

ARTICLES DECLINED.—The following articles in prose are respectfully declined; namely, "Practical Works," "Glimpses at Mormonism," "Beauties of Nature," "The Source of Greatness," "Poetry of Silence," "Home for the Friendless," and "Jesus Wept." We have placed on file a brief sketch of Rev. Charles Sherman. The subject of the article was an eminently worthy man, and deserves a permanent record in the Church, but we doubt whether it will be best for us to give place to the article in question. We have also placed on file an elaborate article on the "Resurrection of the Human Body;" but its argumentation is not sufficiently direct for our purpose.

The following poems are also declined; namely, "My Home;" "Lines," etc.; "Lines Suggested while Watching by a Dying Child;" "God's Ministers;" "Last Parting;" "Lost Joseph;" "Christ raising the Widow's Son;" "To the Moon;" "The Little Life;" "The Last Day." "Lines to Mrs. —" has some lines defective in measure, and one or two stanzas not well sustained. "The Album Tree," "The Hearthstone," and "My Sister," each have merit—some very good stanzas—but are defective in measure, and also too diffuse. Will not their author favor us with poems not quite so long and a little more studied, as well as a little more critically scanned? Our judgment of her is that she can write poetry. "To the Winds" has many excellences, and came well nigh getting into our pages; but the too violent and sudden transitions from "thy" to "your," and from "thee" to "you," as well as its defective measure, obstructed its passage.

GOSSIP WITH CORRESPONDENTS.—Bishop Morris accompanies his article on Rev. James Axtley with a note to the editor, from which we take the liberty to make an extract. Our readers we know will be glad to see it. We protest, however, that they will find no evidence that the Bishop is "getting rusty in composition" in the above-mentioned article. It is dated at "Home Lodge;" and after the business items are disposed of, the Bishop says:

"I find myself quite rusty in composition, and frequently my hand too unsteady to write a fair hand. People will become old, if they live long enough, in despite of all that can be done. So it is with me. Yet I have not lost my love of composition. If I could endure the labor of it, mental and physical, I should like to be an editor, especially of a monthly, not exciting or controversial. All I can hope to accomplish hereafter, however, is to write scraps occasionally.

"Yours, fraternally,

T. A. MORRIS."

The following touching items have been forwarded by a brother minister. Will not others do likewise?

"There was a lovely, bright-eyed boy named Eddie B., of some six summers' age. He had the inquisitive spirit so common with childhood. Among other questions often propounded to his mother was, 'What way could people go to heaven?' The dear boy thought that among the stars, so thickly sprinkled among the fields of space, the adventuring spirit would lose its way. The scarlet-fever was prevailing, and Eddie became a victim. It was soon apparent he must die. The child realized it, and the same eager question came up—he thought incessantly about it. Shortly before he died, his eyes blazed with new luster, and, calling, with his faint, child-tenor voice, his woe-stricken mother, he exclaimed, with intense earnestness, 'O, ma, Eddie knows the way now.' Did the Savior of children open before his vision 'the way into the holiest of all?' Who will doubt but the compassionate Jesus showed him 'THE PATH OF LIFE'?"

"An old Christian, an 'elect lady,' 'Mother W.,' was on her death-bed. For sixty years had she walked before the Lord in covenant engagement. A few days before she went home she was visited by a sister who had been a classmate almost a quarter of a century. The dying saint could speak but faintly. 'Sister W.,' said the visitor, as she was about leaving the bedside, 'you are nearly home.' 'O yes,' was the whispered reply. Two days passed, and the visitor returned; 'Mother W.' was nearly gone; had, as was supposed, ceased to speak forever. But the sight of her old friend rallied her energies for a moment, and, extending her pale hand, she said, 'Nearer yet, sister G., NEARER yet.' She spoke no more, but the lingering smile proclaimed the 'peace that passeth all understanding.'"

The following items are from Rev. B. N. Adams, the excellent missionary at the Five Points, and speaks volumes for that glorious work:

"Not long since Jemmy Mitchel, one of our best children, died. He was very patient during his sickness; often referring to his situation with manifest pleasure, saying he was 'very happy.' A day or two before his death his sister was talking with him, and he seemed quite exhausted with the effort he had made to talk with her. At last she said to him, 'Jemmy, are you going

to school when the new teacher comes?" His deep, dark eyes lit up as he poured a full gush of love from his face into hers, and said, 'No, Mary, I am going to God.' One such case as that speaks volumes for the power of religious instruction on the minds of those children.

"Among the children attending the day and Sabbath school was a little girl who had a drunken father. By the most persevering effort on her part, her father was reformed, and soon came to hate the very name of rum with a perfect hatred. The little girl in her transport of joy was describing the change to one of the ladies, and, in her emphatic way, declared, 'Yes, ma'm, if one of *thine* nails in the floor should drink, he'd murder it.'

From a host of similar scraps that attract our eye and touch our heart, we take the following:

"*Brother Clark*.—Permit me to address you thus, for a sameness of sorrow makes friends of strangers. When the Repository for October came, our only son, a boy three years and a half old, was unwell. He always welcomed the Repository with delight, and took pleasure in looking at the engravings, especially those which represented natural scenery, and was much interested in the stories which I read to him from its pages, in particular Alice Cary's 'Stories for Children.' I read to him from the 'Editor's Table' of the death of your little Anna Myra, little thinking that he, too, was so soon to go to the better world; but, after five days and a half of agonized suffering, he was gone, and my *idol turned to clay*. True it is, 'experience teaches us sympathy.' I wept when I read of your loss, but I did not *then* know the full bitterness of the cup from which you were drinking, and which I was so soon to taste. I can offer no condolence in your double loss. *Tears* and silence are the best of sympathy in a case like this, where no mortal power can restore the lost. I have often thought how expressive was the conduct of Job's friends in their first interview, when they sat down with him in silence—the silence of sympathy—for seven days and seven nights. I know too well the vacancy death has made in your house; and yet our treasures are forever safe. My boy was a noble fellow, with a mind in advance of his years, and a strong and robust constitution. I looked upon him as *mine*, not as a lent blessing, and promised for him a long life and a brilliant future; but he withered like the 'flower of the grass.' His life, though short, was not in vain. From him I have learned a lesson I shall never forget. I shall be a wiser, though, I trust, a better woman."

Another says: "What are our earthly treasures? dust and ashes only? God forbid! Though you have hid the little caskets which contained yours under the autumn leaves and mold, the jewels that made them priceless in value await your reclaiming in the fadeless realm beyond. I, too, have laid my little earthly blossoms in the ground, and wait patiently, hopefully, their transplanting to the garden of our Father and our God!"

MISCELLANY.—Some "Wolverine" has furnished us with the following capital story, which we earnestly commend to those of our correspondents whose chirography is so wretched that it takes an editor and a brace of compositors to make it out. The story is on this wise: A Mr. S. owned a building which was situated on land belonging to the Michigan Central railroad. The superintendent of that road, who writes a very bad hand, sent him a letter, ordering him to remove the building at once. But the house was not removed, and nothing was said about it by Mr. S. About three months after-

ward the superintendent met him, and began to scold him in round terms for not removing the nuisance as required. It then turned out that the man had received his note, and, being unable to make out its contents, had supposed it to be a pass over the road, and had been riding back and forth all summer on the strength of it—none of the conductors being able to gainsay it!

An anecdote is related of the celebrated Rev. William Jay, which we are not certain may not apply to other longitudes than that for which it was originally designed. He was delivering a charge to a young minister, and exhorting upon the temptations he would have to quit the ministry, when, with great gravity, he thus delivered himself: "My brother, let me exhort you to take heed how you marry a rich wife. It is a serious matter, be assured of it. I have known such a step attended with very painful consequences. I have known four or five cases in which a wealthy marriage has produced weakness of the chest, impaired lungs, and bronchial affections of various sorts, which, though the individual has appeared outwardly to enjoy his usual health, has obliged him to quit the ministry!" The sequel is equally characteristic. Some unhappy brother of this class was present, who, feeling himself aggrieved, waited upon Mr. Jay in the vestry to expostulate with him upon what he deemed a piece of personality; but all the consolation he obtained was, "O, then, you have married a rich wife?" "Yes." "And you have a weak chest?" "Yes." "Very well; I said this morning I knew five cases; when I preach again, I shall say I know six!"

STRAY GEMS.—A constant fidelity in *little things* forms the true grandeur and solidity of the Christian character.—*Jaqueline Pascal*. . . . "Looking unto Jesus" is the great secret of religious progress as well as hope.—*Ib.* . . . Atheism is ever sawing asunder the bridge it standeth upon; and yet it pretendeth to depth of wisdom. . . . What would the world be worth, if children were banished? They are the flowers along the pathway of human life. What a prosy, moping world it would be without their graceful forms and tiny footsteps.

VOTE OF THANKS TO OUR PATRONS.—We had nearly finished our Editor's Table for the month, and, after a hard day's labor, had whirled our tripod—ours originally had four legs, but one of them is broken—around, and planted our heels against the stove, in which graceful position we were seeking a moment's rest for our wearied limbs before we commenced our homeward walk, when our printer entered, and told us our edition had already reached seventeen thousand, being an advance of four thousand upon that of last year, and nearly that number of *paying subscribers* over any preceding year. Forthwith we resolved ourself into a general meeting, at which the following resolutions were offered, put, and carried *nem. con.*:

1. *Resolved*, That the energetic co-operation of our friends and patrons, manifested by the large increase of four thousand to our list of subscribers, lays us under lasting obligations, and demands an expression of gratitude on our part.

2. *Resolved*, That our thanks are hereby tendered, first of all, to our brother ministers, also to the ladies—especially the wives of ministers—and to our friends and patrons generally, for their kind and earnest efforts to procure subscribers for the Ladies' Repository, and to extend its circulation.

Having passed the above resolutions, the meeting adjourned, *sine die*.







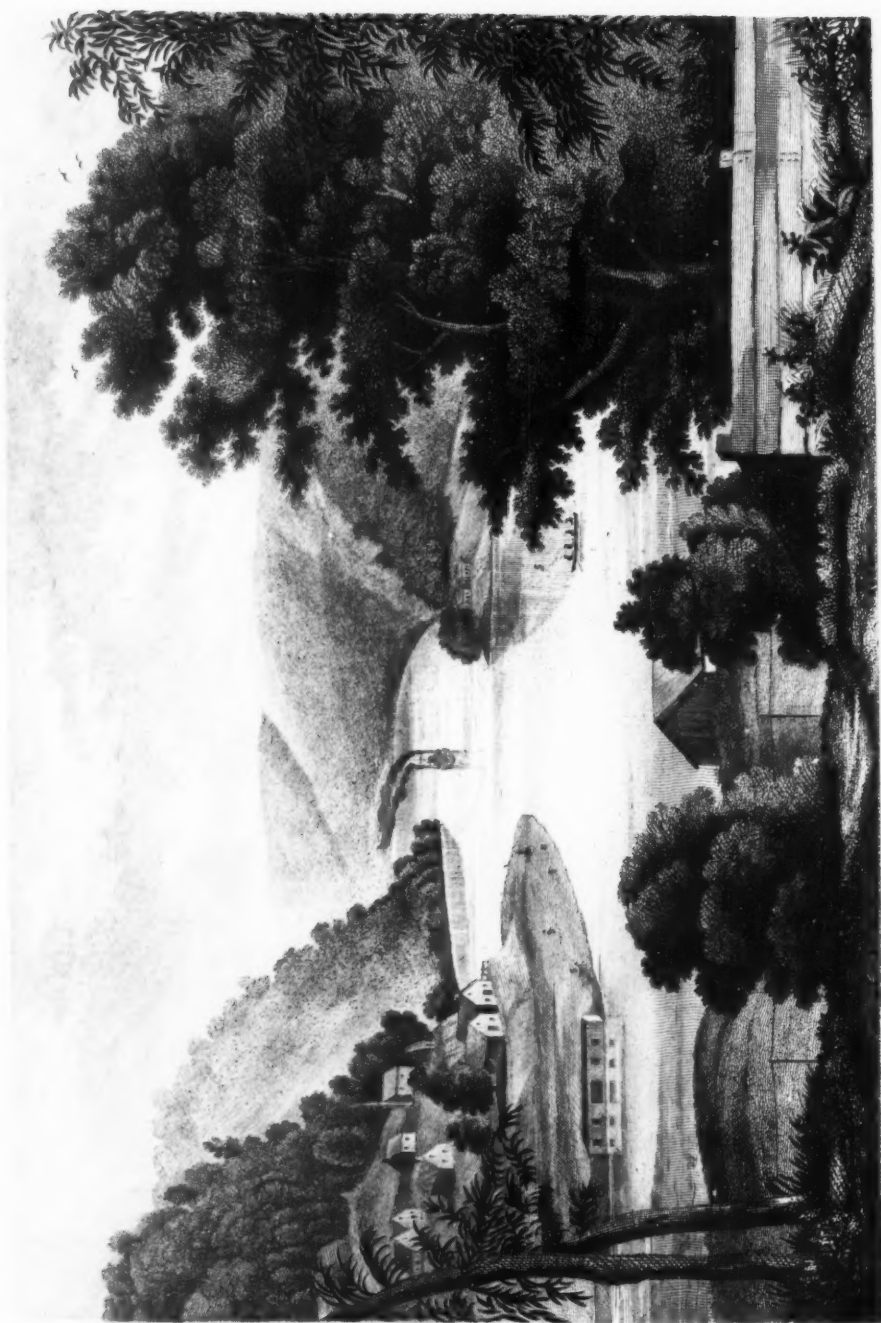
F. JONES

# THE LITTLE ROBIN

ENGRAVED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LADIES' REPERTORY

W. COLLINS & S.

FORWARD INDEEDLY FOR THE LADIES' REPERTORY



W. J. Middleton. Thos. C. 1811.

Thos. C. 1811. Thos. C. 1811.



